THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 53—No. 1. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, January 4, 1871. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Directory.

BEAVER.

JOHN MOORE, Druggist and dealer in paints, oils, pure medical Wines and Liquors, Glassware, Lamps and Fancy Goods; Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. sep28;1y

J. D. FAST, Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Feed, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. (sep28;1y

HENRY MERZ, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. [sep28;1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE, Hugo Andriessen, Druggist & Apothecary, Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. [sep28;1y

S. J. ANDERSON, Dealer in the Improved Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine, Main st. See ad in another column. sep28;1y

BEACOM Mrs. E. H., Dealer in Millinery Goods & Trimmings; cor 3d st. and Diamond. sp28;1y

JAMES MOORE, Grocery & Restaurant. Choice Teas, Best Coffees, Tobacco and Cigars, Confectionery and Vegetables. Main st. sep28;1y

O. R. ANSHUTZ, Dealer in Tinware, Stoves, Grates, &c. West end 3d st. sep28;1y

T. W. DEVERE, Insurance agent, Beaver, Pa. Call and get your property insured. oc26;1y

PITTSBURGH.

J. MORGANSTERN, Dealer in Boots & Shoes, No 86 Market St. Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep14;1y

CROFT & PHILLIPS, Real Estate Agents, opposite Post Office. Publishers of the "Real Estate Register," sent free. Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

J. HENDERSON & BROS., Wholesale Druggists, 266 Liberty St. Pittsburgh. sep14;1y

J. D RAMALEY'S HAT PARLOR, 22 Fifth Avenue, (near Market St.) Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

S. A. CLARKE & CO., Booksellers and Stationers, 119 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep14;1y

JOSEPH HORNE & CO, 77 & 79 Market st., Pittsburgh—Importers and dealers in Notions, Trimmings, Hosiery, White Goods, &c. [sp14;1y

REYMER & BROTHERS, French and American Confectioners. Dealers in nuts, fruits, 126, 128, 130 Wood St. Pittsburgh, [sep14;1y

J. S. MOORE, Dealer in choice Teas, Coffees & Family Groceries. No 20 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. sep14;1y

JOHN BIGGERT & SON, Dealers in the New Weed Family Sewing Machines, 116 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. sep14;1y

OLIVER M'CLINTOCK & CO., Dealers in Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c. Special rates to Clergy. Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. —[sep14;1y

E. P. Successor to J. M. Roberts, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silver ware, No 16 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

W. A. LYONS, House and Sign Painter; writes to order Show Cards for every business.— No. 7 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep21;1y

T. C. FULTON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture and Chairs;—Rosewood, Walnut, Mahogany and Oak. 45 Smithfield st. [oc15;1y

NEW BRIGHTON.

GEO. F. SIEMON, Bakery & Confectionery, R R. street. Special attention given to weddings and balls. (sep14;1y

S. & J. SNELLENBERG, Merchant Tailors,— Broadway, New Brighton. See adv. [sp14;1y

A. M. WHISLER, Dentist. Broadway, New Brighton. [sep14;1y

H. NOSS, Photographer. Wilson's Block, Broadway. Best photographs from re-touched negatives. (sep14;1y

WINTER & BEDISON, Jewelers and Tobacconists, Broadway, N. Brighton. [sep14;1y

J. J. HORTTER, Groceries, Queensware and Household Goods; Broadway. (sep14;1y

EVAN PUGH, Dealer in Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Books, Stationery & Notions; Broadway, New Brighton, Pa. [sep21.1y

SCHIFF & STEINFELD, Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods & Notions; Merchant Tailors & Clothiers, Broadway. oct12;1y

BEAVER FALLS.

WILLIAM ROPERTSON, Dealer in Improved Howe Sewing Machines. Main St., Beaver Falls sep14;1y

MRS. E KING,—Dry Goods, Queensware and Millinery, corner of Main and Baker streets, Beaver Falls. sep14;1y

KENDALL & TANNEY, Artists & Fresco Painters; also, House and Sign Painters, Main St., Beaver Falls. sep14;1y

BRIDGEWATER.

JAMES PORTER, Tinner. Dealer in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron ware, and Iron Cistern Pumps. Bridge st, Bridgewater. (sep14;1y

H. BLATTNER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater. sep14;1y

S. C. HURST, Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings. Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14;1y

J. H. DOHERTY, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Bridge Street, Bridgewater. sep14;1y

M. HANAUER, Millinery, Trimmings & Notions Bridge st., Bridgewater. sep14;1y

F. WEINMAN, Manufacture of Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater. (sep14;1y

MRS. BRUIEN, Gentlemen's Clothing cleansed and pressed. Water St. above Bridge. (sp14;1y

JOHN WOODRUFF, Marble Cutter; Monuments & Tombstones of all descriptions made. Corner of Market and Water streets. (sep14;1y

J. STILES & CO. Groceries, [illegible] Window Glass, Flour, Feed & Country Produce. Dunlap's corner, Bridge St. Bridgewater. [sp21;1y

LUTHER MAGINNIS —Solicitor —Proprietor of Persian Oleine, & Dealer in Agents' Goods Agents wanted. Water st. bet mills; Bridgewater. P O address, Beaver, Pa. sep28;1y

HIRAM MEANOR, Dealer in Monongahela Coal. Orders left at J. B. Clark's, in Beaver, or at Smith's Drug Store, in Bridgewater, will be promptly attended to. Cash on delivery—Lowest rate. Yard—McDonald's Point. sep28;1y

ROCHESTER.

WILL SMITH & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery. Madison st., near Diamond, Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

HENRY LAPP, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds. Brighton-st., above the factory. See adv't. (sep14;1y

JOHN KARCHER, Baker and Confectioner.— Water st., Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

ABRAHAM BOYD, Wagon & Carriage Maker, Railroad st., Rochester, Pa (sep14;1y

SAMUEL C. HANNEN, Druggist, Prescriptions carefully compounded. Water st., Rochester. (sep14;1y

DR. J. S. WINANS, Electrical Physician; Chronic diseases made a specialty. Office: corner of Diamond and Bridge sts., Rochester. [sep14;1y

SPEYERER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Grain, Glass, Iron & Nails. Cor. Water & James sts.

C. FREDERICK, Baker and Confectioner.— Wedding Cakes and Ice Cream furnished promptly.—On Diamond, Rochester. (sep14;1y

FOR SALE by A. SILVERMAN, Headquarters for Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods, Notions, Trimmings and Fancy Goods generally, Water Street, Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

M. MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c. Deal in Lumber Lath &c Rochester. [sep21;1y

SCOTT, BOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Lakins & Co., Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Rochester. sp28,1y

POWER'S LIVERY STABLE & COAL YARD, between R. R. station and Ohio river. oct19;1y

SCHROPP CHAS., Manufacturer of and dealer in Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, Roofing, Spouting, &c., attended to. N. York st. oct19;1y

STEFFLER & CLARK, proprietors of Johnston House. Good accommodations and good stables. Near R. R. Depot. oct19;1y

J. D. MILLER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c. Repairing done neatly and promptly. Store on the Diamond, Rochester, Pa. oct19;1y

J. WALTER & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Wagons, Coaches, Buggies, Spring-wagons, Sulkeys, &c. Blacksmithing and horse-shoeing done in the best manner, Rochester, Pa., nol0;y

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN THORNILEY, Manufacturer of the Great Republic Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Porcelain extension top and centre. Fallston, Pa.

ALBERT RUSSELL, Stoneware Manufacturer, Orders promptly attended to. Vanport, Pa. Post office address, Beaver, Pa. [sep14;1y

HAVING Permanently located in the village of Zelienople, Pa., for the purpose of practicing Medicine, I respectfully tender my professional services to the citizens of said village and vicinity. Office in residence, opposite Eagle Hotel, where I shall always be found, unless professionally engaged. All calls will receive immediate and prompt attention. A. V. CUNNINGHAM, M. D. sep14;1y

J. LINNENBRINK,
Dealer In Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Periodicals and Stationery.
Watches and Jewelry repaired. Agent for the "WEED" Sewing Machine, Rochester Pa.
[illegible]

J. H. McCREERY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Third Street, Beaver, Pa.
Office below the Court House, Beaver, Pa.
[illegible]

BANKING-HOUSE.
THOMAS M'CREERY & CO.

THOS. M'CREERY, *Cashier.*
[illegible] DRAVO. J. B. ANGIEL,
J. H. M'CREERY.

Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for several reliable Companies. [may18tf

DR. JOHN C. LEVIS, Surgeon & Physician, Office, during the day, at Dunlap's Corner; at night at my residence on Water street, Bridgewater, Pa. Will practice Surgery and Medicine. [mar31'69;1y apr2

J. S. McNUTT, M. D., Having permanently located in Beaver, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Beaver and surrounding country. Special attention paid to the treatment of female diseases. Surgery done with a skillful hand. Office on Third street, a few doors west of the Court House. sep20,'70,6m

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Potter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call. my26'69;1y

FOR SALE!— A rosewood, piano-cased Melodeon, entirely new, with four stops and five octaves. Inquire at this office. nov9;1w

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly atteded to. sep19'68;1y.

Gold & Silver Watches.

IMPORTANT
TO EVERY ONE!

American Watch Co.

Waltham, Mass.

Look at Price Lists.

Holiday Greeting!

Grand Display
OF
Christmas - Presents!!!!

Gents' Gold Watches.
Ladies' Gold Watches.
New Chains and Bracelets.
Necklaces and Lockets.
Fine Gold Jewelry;
Gold and Silver-Headed Canes,
Gold Spectacles & Eye-Glasses.

Sterling Silver - Ware;
[A Splendid Stock.]
Parian and Bronze - Ware.
FANCY GOODS.
Prices Lower than Ever.
E. P. ROBERTS,
No. 16 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

All are invited to call, when in the city, and examine our Holiday Goods without feeling under any obligation to buy. Don't fail to come and see the Grand Display. oct5;1m;dec21

Miscellaneous.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square. mar 31;1y.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the Estate of John Feazle, dec'd, late of Pulaski township, Beaver county, Penna., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment; and those having claims on said estate will present them to the subscriber, duly authenticated for settlement.
oct26;6w HENRY PHILLIS, *Ex'r.*

Dry Goods.

B. S. RANGER,
Bridge Street,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.

IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

DRY GOODS.

Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woollen blankets,
White and Colored and
Barred Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchillas!
Cloths,
Woollen Shawls.
Brown and Black Muslins,
Drillings, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Jaconets,
Table Linen;
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes,
Hosiery,
Gloves
& Mits.

Groceries,

Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT.

Hardware, Nails, Glass,

Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels, 2, 3 and 4 Tine Forks, Rakes, Scythes and Snaths, Corn and Garden Hoes.

WOODENWARE.

Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles.

CARBON OIL,

Linseed Oil & White Lead.

Boots and Shoes
LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES,
In great variety.

Rifle Powder and Shot,

Blasting Powde and Fuse.

Flour Feed & Queensware.

All heavy goods delivered free of charge.

By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future, as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

B. S. RANGER.

dec23'68;1y.—jy13ngd.

Iron City College.

The Most Complete Business College in the United States,

Affording facilities for acquiring a thorough practical business education, possessed by no other School in the country.

Since its incorporation in 1855, nearly Sixteen Thousand Students; representatives from every State in the Union, have attended here.

No vacations. Students enter at any time, and receive private instruction throughout the entire course.

N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and all necessary information, on addressing

SMITH & COWLEY, Principals,
PITTSBURGH, Pa.
jan19;1y.

TUMOURS. ULCERS.

Professors BUCHANAN & DOWN of the American University, are making wonderful cures of Cancers, Tumours and Ulcers by their new discovery. A painless treatment, no knife, no plasters, no caustic burning. The most remarkable effect of this treatment **CANCERS.** is, it separates the chemical elements of cancerous growths, so that they shrivel, die and disappear and will not return. All those afflicted can call on the Professors Buchanan & Down, University; or address, No. 514 Pine Street, Philada.

aug17;1y

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb;1y

Brighton Paper Mills,
BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

PRINTING,
MANNILLA,
ROOFING, BAILING,
Hardware, Glass, Straw.
RAG AND CARPET
PAPERS,
MANUFACTURED
AND SOLD AT
Wholesale & Retail by
Frazier, Metzger & Co.,
82 Third Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.

☞ Rags taken in exchange. [sep19;'68;tf

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after Dec'r. 4th, 1870, trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.— [Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.55 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	135AM	1055AM	710AM	230PM
Rochester	213	1205PM	840	422
Salem				
Alliance	505	300	1145	700
Canton				
Massillon				
Orrville	634	415	128PM	838
Wooster				
Mansfield	903	653	422	1033
Crestline { A	935	725	500	1106
Crestline { D	1005	745	555AM	1110
Bucyrus				
Upper Sandusky				
Forest	1137	930	738	1235AM
Lima	1230PM	1040	900	135
Van Wert				
Fort Wayne	230	125AM	1145	350
Columbia				
Warsaw				
Plymouth	450	357	225PM	630
Valparaiso				
Chicago	730	700	555	900

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S.
Chicago	900AM	515PM	550AM	900PM
Valparaiso				
Plymouth	1203PM	905	950	1225AM
Warsaw				
Columbia				
Fort Wayne	225	125	1250PM	330
Van Wert				
Lima	400	135AM	325	540
Forest	508	243	448	707
Upper Sandusky				
Bucyrus				
Crestline { A	630	420	630	855
Crestline { D	650	450	600AM	935
Mansfield	717	500	640	1005
Wooster				
Orrville	905	654	915	1155
Massillon				
Canton				
Alliance	1045	850	1130	130PM
Salem				
Rochester	1235AM	1105	235PM	337
Pittsburgh	155	1210PM	345	440

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2:20 p. m; New Castle, 3:00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5:30 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:00 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 10:41a. m. Youngstwn, 10:20. a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:30 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 2:00 p.m; arrives New Castle, 4:45 p.m.

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD. On and after May 29th, 1870, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted), as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	810AM	1215PM	350PM
Euclid Street			
Hudson	955	125	510
Ravenna	1030	155	540
Alliance	1130	235	630
Bayard	1202PM	302	
Wellsville	135	420	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Wellsville	900AM	508PM	
Bayard	1025	623	
Alliance	1123	715	725AM
Ravenna	1220PM	801	815
Hudson	1253	834	855
Euclid Street			
Cleveland	210	945	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	ACCOM	MAIL.	EXP'S	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	....	200PM	410PM
Bridgeport	555	....	210	420
Steubenville	700	....	315	535
Wellsville	815	155PM	440	
Smith's Ferry				
Beaver				
Rochester	925	255	540	
Pittsburgh	1035	400	645	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	310PM	425PM	
Rochester	735	410	537	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry				
Wellsville	855	500	700	
Steubenville	955	620		705AM
Bridgeport	1105	722		815
Bellair	1115	735		830

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 610 a. m.	Bayard, 945, a.m.
Bayard, 210 a.m.	N. Philadephia, 300pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Miscellaneous.

J. MOORE

DRUGGIST,

Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Compounded.

THE BEST BRANDS OF ASSORTED

Medicinal

WINES AND LIQUORS;

Paints, Oils,

AND

DYE STUFFS:

ANILINE DYES OF ALL COLORS;

GLASS & PUTTY;

Special attention given to secure the best quality of Lamps and Lamp Trimmings, Lanterns &c.

A Large Assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS,

BRUSHES &

PATENT MEDICINES,

Main Street, Beaver Pa. [Dec7, '70tf.

THE CELEBRATED IMPROVED
GERARD
OROIDE GOLD WATCHES,
$12, $15, $20, $25.

DURING the past four or five years our Watches have been so thoroughly tested, that for appearance, style of finish, and accuracy of time-keeping, the "Gerard Watches" are universally acceded to be the best. They retain their brilliancy and color until worn out.

☞ If after purchasing and fairly trying, any one is not fully satisfied, we will cheerfully refund the money.

☞ They are all in Hunting Cases, Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. Every Watch guaranteed for time and wear, by special certificate.

☞ A large assortment "Improved Oroide" Chains, $2 to $8. Also, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Jewelry in great variety.

☞ Beware of imitations. Order direct from us or our authorized agents. Agents and others applying for circulars will please enclose three cent stamp for postage.

☞ Goods sent to be **paid for on delivery. Customers permitted to examine what they order (before paying bills,)** on payment of Express charges both ways.

☞ When SIX Watches are ordered at once, we will send an extra Watch (of same kind) free.

☞ Purchasers residing at some distance from Express offices, and desiring to save time and expense, can have the goods sent by mail, by remitting (with the order) the amount required by P. O. Money order, registered letter, draft, or check, payable to our order, at our risk. Address plainly,

JAMES GERARD & CO.,
P. O. Box 3,391, New York,
nov23;3m.) 85 Nassau Street

A CARD.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baleful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *free of charge.* Address JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York city. dec7;4w

Miscellaneous.

OVER 400 PAGES OF
READING MATTER FOR ONE DOLLAR!
The American Stock Journal,

A large Handsomely Illustrated Monthly, containing 32 to 40 large Double Column Pages, filled with *original* matter from the *ablest* writers in the country, on the various subjects connected with

FARMING,
STOCK BREEDING,
WOOL GROWING,
DAIRYING,
POULTRY KEEPING, &c.

Bound in handsomely tinted cover. It has **A Veterinary Department** under the charge of one of the ablest Professors in the United States, who answers through the JOURNAL *free of charge,* all questions relating to Sick, Injured or Diseased Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine or Poultry. This makes it a very valuable work for reference, and an almost indispensible companion to all interested in STOCK-BREEDING. The low price at which it is published ($1.00 a year) brings it within the reach of all, while the

Splendid Inducements offered to Agents and Premiums to Subscribers

make it to the interest of every Farmer and Stock Breeder to extend its circulation. *Send Stamp for Specimen Copy, large Illustrated Show Bill & Premium List.* Get up a Club and obtain one of the many valuable Premiums offered, consisting of Chester White, Berkshire, Suffolk, Magie and Essex Pigs, Short-Horn, Alderney, Ayrshire and Devon Calves, Southdown, Cotswold and Merino Sheep, Cashmere Goats, Pure-Bred Poultry, Norway Oats, Seeds, Agricultural Implements, Pianos, Watches, Silver Ware, Books, &c., &c. Specimen Copies sent free. Address,

N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers,
nov23;1] Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

Christmas Gifts!
Christmas Gifts!
Holiday Goods!
Holiday Goods!
Toys, Toys,
TOYS!!

B. Mulheim

Has just received the largest and best selected stock of goods, suitable for Christmas Gifts for everybody, old and young, ever brought to Beaver county. It comprises almost everything in the

TOY LINE.

the Best, Largest and Cheapest stock of

CARPETS.

CARPET OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c., &c.

Bridge St. Bridgewater Pa. nov30;tf

J. J. Hortter, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Fruits, Meats, &c.

Corner Falls and Broadway, New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa. Terms cash. sep.14'70;1y

ORIGINAL.

For the Beaver Argus.

THERE IS A GOD.

Points Proving the Existence of A Supreme Being.

As we view nature in all her varied relations and forms we cannot, for one moment, doubt the existence of a Supreme Being who has so wisely designed, ordained and contrived all things in heaven above and on the earth beneath. We cannot help but see a nice designer and contriver at the head of all nature, both animate and inanimate. Who can be so averse to reason and so skeptical as not to acknowledge the existence of a just and wise Creator, when His goodness is written on every leaf, every movement of which is strong proof of His existence? Even man's own complex organism; the air he breathes; the food he eats; is enough to convince him of the wisdom and power of a Divine Being who holds in his hand the whole universe.

First, I will take up the human heart—the centre of life—to display the mechanism of Him who supports and sustains life, as I think this a very good proof of a Deity. We find in the central part of the body a hollow muscle containing spiral fibers running in both directions, the layers crossing one another, although in some animals they appear simicircular, rather than spiral. This noble piece of structure and divine wisdom possesses the power of contraction and relaxation. The shortening of these strings causes the squeezing together of the muscular cavities, in order that they may eject the fluid which they contain, and by remission of the same they are again opened to receive the fluid. We find the trunks of the arteries and veins placed within these hollow places. Their office is to carry from and return the blood to the heart. At each pulsation of this organ the mass of blood is changed; which amount is estimated to be—in a full-grown human heart—about an ounce, or two table-spoonsfull. By the quick succession of these changes they are able to support a large circulation throughout the entire system. It is computed that each ventricle will contain one ounce of blood. The heart is said to contract four thousand times an hour; from which it follows that there pass through the heart every hour four thousand ounces, or three hundred lbs. of blood. Now the whole quantity of blood in an adult is estimated at from twenty-five to thirty lbs. The mind is filled with astonishment when it considers what an amount of blood is constantly flowing to and from the heart.— Just reflect with what impetuosity the blood gushes from the heart of the whale! How wonderful! What a contrivance! (Ten or fifteen gallons thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with an unlimited speed, through a [illegible] to give no[illegible] to each part of the frame, come in contact with the air, by which it is purified. This is effected by a process in the lungs.— Every time we breathe we take in two kinds of air—pure and impure—the pure we retain, and the foul we dismiss every time we respire. The lungs of all animals consist of air and blood vessels closely united; wherever you find the one set, you evidently find the other. The constitution of the heart needs four cavities: two ventricles which send out the blood, and two auricles which receive it. These cavities closely communicate with each other.

Next, we notice the fixing of valves in the heart. These consist of a thin membrane closely attached to the vessel, giving free access to the passage of blood as long as it retains its proper course, but checks it when it attempts to flow in a contrary direction; a valve is placed between each auricle and its ventricle, so that when the ventricle contracts no part of the blood gets back into the auricle, but immediately enters the artery.— Valves are also placed at the mouth of the great arteries which convey the blood from the heart, offering no obstruction until an attempt is made to flow back instead of forward.— Lastly, we see that this organ for its preservation is defended by a case sufficiently moistened to keep it in a safe and healthy state. When we consider this in connection with all the rest, and then think how it constantly keeps beating for a succession of many long years, never becoming fatigued, is not the mind ready to exclaim—lost in wonder and amazement—"Oh, what mechanism! What a great and Supreme design at the head of these things."

Secondly, we will take into consideration the structure of the eye. What a complicated piece of mechanism! What design exhibited in it. Who after the comprehending of this organ of vision will attempt to deny the existence of One all powerful, who has so neatly designed and arranged its different functions? The eye is placed in a firm deep socket, formed by the coalition of seven different bones hollowed out at their edges. It is also, buried in a bed of fat within this socket and protected by the eye-bones, the use of which is to prevent the sweat from coursing down into this very tender organ. Again we find it better defended by the lids, whose office is to clear and close the eye in sleep. In order that the eye may be kept in a purified and moistened condition, a substance is inwardly applied by a secretion for this intent, and the unnecessary wash is conducted to the nose through an aperture in the bone as large as a goose quill; after it has entered the inside of the nostrils, it is evaporated by the effects of warm air, which every time we respire is passed over it. We also find it necessary that all images be placed at the bottom of the eye. How inexplicable! But whatever effects the clearness of the picture effects the clearness of vision; hence we conclude from this that all images must necessarily be formed at the bottom of this organ, then can we properly consider upon the smallness yet correctness of the image. Then also take into consideration the wide range of vision attributed to this organ. Next the eye of birds we notice possesses a membrane called the nictatiney, which sweeps the eye to convey to it a humour and defend it, we find it neatly folded up in the corner of the eye, joined by a tendon with a muscle in the back part of the eye though elastic, yet so fine that it does not obstruct the sight when passing over it. Can any one be so averse to sound reason as not to see after the examination of this grand organ an All-wise designing hand?

Thirdly, we will examine the arrangement of the ear. We know from its complex form that it is an instrument adapted to sounds, aware that sounds consist in pulses of the air, and the impressions made by these pulses striking the ear are carried to the brain. This organ is composed of an external, and internal ear, the office of the external is that of an ear trumpet, to catch and collect the vibratings of sound. Then we have the outward passage of the ear leading to the tympanun or drum, and these connecting with four little bones, whose office it is to form a communication with the brain. These little bones are so joined with one another, that at the vibration of the membrane of the drum, the whole four act and work, the base of the last one upon an aperture which opens into the canals, leading to the brain. This last bone is called the Stapes; its office is to repeat the vibration after the drum has received the impression, and lastly we notice another cavity or tube, situated behind the drum, called the eustachian tube, extending from the cavity of the drum to the back of the mouth, though small yet affording a sufficient passage of air through the same; if this cavity had been left vacant, the membrane would have bursted from the pressure of atmosphere, if filled with any other secretion its free action would become obstructed; hence, we see that this tube serves to open the cavity of the drum for the admision of air. What design! What a powerful Hand has fashioned out all this machinery!

Fourthly, the human teeth present a very good proof of a designing mind, all-wise and powerful. The teeth are first formed within the gums, and then cease, for we plainly see that their farther progress would be unnecessary and inconvenient to natnre. We can see design set forth in the soft smooth state of the infant's mouth for obtaining its nourishment; but when the child has arrived at a proper age the teeth are there and ready to fulfil their mission; however, at first we find them for a while lodged in the gums, and detained in the sockets, as far as farther growth would interfere with the present office of the mouth. Nature is wise, she always looks ahead, she [illegible] prepares for present uses [illegible] careful that her different functions do not impede each other. [illegible] divine design better exhibited than in the [illegible]. Yet the inquiry might arise, why they imperfect when the *other* parts of the mouth are parfect at birth? The answer would be, that all the other parts of the mouth were necessary to the completion of the human being, and would evidently be called into action at the very dawn of human existence. But how inconvenient if we were to find the teeth arranged in the mouth in infancy. Nature is too wise to err in these respects. Now in the worm of the beetle we find the teeth first perfected, because they are first needed, showing again the wise design and contrivance of the Infinite.

Lastly, we notice in the teeth the series of crops, there is a second tier formed beneath the first, which do not make their appearance for several years. The expansion of the jaw we will notice tends to separate the teeth of the first set, however compact which would be detrimental to proper mastication, hence when the jaw has attained a certain size, a new set closely arranged, present themselves, pushing out the old ones, and allowing for the remaining growth. Now I think, after all these strong proofs, no one will dare deny the existence of a Supreme Being, who rules high and infinite. His goodness is inscribed upon all nature, and she speaks to man in audible tones: 'There is a God who rules above, sitting on His majestic throne in the heavens! Obey Him, ye mortals of the dust!' The earth and sea are filled with His wonders. The lordly tree of the forest, and the small pebble on the sea-shore speak of His goodness. If any man doubts the existence of a Deity, then let him doubt his own existence; for, should he but look at his frame he would be led to exclaim: "Man, thou art fearfully and wonderfully made!"

◆

—Brother Noyes' family at Oneida, N. Y., are getting into difficulty, and after practicing complex marriage for twenty years, are at last subjected to the opposition of journals in the neighborhood of their home. The case provoking the hostility is that of Mrs. Royce, who was divorced from her husband at the instance of her brother, it is alleged, for the purpose of becoming a member of the community. This is denied, and it is asserted by those in authority among the communists, that Mrs. Roce will not be admitted, and indeed that the community's doors have been closed to applicants for membership since December, 1867. According to the practice of the Oneida family each woman is the wife of every man in the community, and each man is the husband of every woman; otherwise they are a harmless and pious flock, putting implicit faith in Noyes, the head of the family. They have threatened to sue one of the neighboring newspapers for libel, for criticising their morals, which has incited the people of Madison county to take measures for the suppression of their institution.

◆

—A young lady at a ball was asked by lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales. "Why no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "I mean have you read Crabbe's *Tales?*" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other kind of crabs, had tails."

Letter from O. Phiddle Styx.

DEAR ARGUS:—McGosler awoke next mornin', when the aforesaid rooster wich reposed on the wiggly peach-tree begin to crow. As fur me, slumber's log-chain still bound me, and I dreampt of Jane, and the days of the past. I felt like lyin' thar an' dreamin' about things in gineral fur a week or two; but sich things couldn't be did. That was the day of the weddin'—the day when a gallant man and a charmin' woman was a goin' tu jine hands, and agree tu walk together deown the stumpy hill-side of life—an' it bhooved me and McGosler to be up and a gittin', if we intended to jine in the festivities and flustifications of the day.

The "ker-plump" of the night before, from the heights of the double-geared porch, hadn't hurt me much. My arm still felt a leetle wampussed, and my nose still bore off the peel it had received; yet, notwithstandin' this, I was as happy as a goslin' on a green bank, in the merry month of May.

The sweet voice of the angelic leetle gal, "with the curls a flyin'" in wild disruption around her emblematical forehead, aroused me from my slumbers and my dreams of Jane.— Sez McGosler:

"Wall, heow dew yeou dew?"

"O. K.," sez I.

We went eout and sot deown to breakfast; and Jane, she sot deown tew. The breakfast was highfalutinly tip-top, and McGozler was right when he pronounced those gals equal to his aunt Betsy Scruggins in gettin' up a squar meal. But I couldn't eat. Somehow a feller allers loses his heart and his appetite at the same time, which to me, seems a queer phenotomous in the architecture of nat'ral filosofy. It was so with me. I couldn't eat while Jane was sittin' 'long side of me. If she'd a been in the wilds of Halifax I don't doubt but I could have "waded-in" beautifully.

Arter breakfast was over, sum of the bewitchin' gals played lively things on the pianer, sich as "Shew Phil," and "Not for Joe;" and then we talked, and talked on; and the clock it clocked, and clocked on; and *tempus fugited* swiftly. It was purty hard for McGozler and me to break loose from the house with the double-geered porch. At last I took a tearful leave of Jane, and McGozler took a tearful leave of Sally, and we sped away, drivin' vociferously on a sorrel hoss, whose Christian name is Jerry.

Abeout 12 oclock we arriv' at the place where the gal was to be hitch'd onto the bonds of matrimony. Then we got our dinner, and my eatatite was powerful on account of Jane not bein' present.

The people had all got areound the house and into the parler, and were watin' fur the event to transpire, but it wouldn't transpire fur the fallerin' reason: the preacher didn't cum. In the forenoon of that day, as he was cavortin' over a pile of old splinter'd shingles, he up-slipt and cum deown ker-whack. He was sorter stun'd, and he didn't intirely rekiver ontil abeout the time fur tyin' the knot matrimonial. He then got on his boots and his marryin' close—wich he bot at Slumpkin's store—and trotted off to the place of marryin'.

Me and McGozler, we got tired of watin' fur the preacher, and we took another tip-top feller with us, and went eout and spread ourselve under the shade of a majestick apple-tree; and thar we staid spread and talked and talked politicks and the future prospecks of the risin' gineration.

The job of gittin' the gal and feller married was abeout the same as it allers is. The preacher tied the knot as I [illegible] and collected manner. Inferin' on account of so much skeer'd [illegible] pile in the forenoon.

Arter the rush of congratulations had somewhat subsided, supper was announced, and people sot down under heaven's high canister, and "the blue dome above us," and sich, and went into the turkey and the other excellent chawables in lively style. Yeou see, the table was sot in the sweet, smilin' orchard wich stood jist behind the house.

When the preacher fell to, and was a struglin' to git hisself outside of the piece of turkey given to him, a lively gal cum a hoppin' up to him, holdin' in her hand a turkey-leg, and sez she:

"Mr. Blobbs, I present yeou a turkey-leg, which will doubtless enable yeou to cum up to time when the next weddin' cums off."

Of course, this made a flamin' larf all 'round, and I eenemost choked myself on a piece of turkey which I was tryin' to swaller semi-crosswise.

At night thar was a grand party and a high falutin jolification. Several more gals and fellers cum in, and they seemed inclined to dance, and so they fell to and tripped the light gymnastic toe, so to speak. Neow, the gal who presented the turkey-leg to the preacher, also presented me to an angelic gal who lived abeout thar sumwhere; and I took a big notion of said gal almost instantaneously. I axed her to dance and she was willin; so, we fell to and 'threded the mazes' in beautiful style.

I eenemost forgot Jane; I felt quite comfortable. If it hadn't been that the leetle "peeled spot" onto my nose cast an occasional shade of sadness over my spirits, I should have been abeout as happy as folks ginerally gits to be. Arter I had talked to my gal awhile I could skursley keep from goin' at to deliver my lectur on "Guntown." But I didn't lectur—McGozler was opposed to it. I told my fair pardner that perhaps I would cum deown that way, sumtime, and show up Jonathan Flydercraft in his true colors. I would also represent Gumblechunks, the wimmin's righter, and the irrepressible and uncontrolable Blikins, Member of Congress from the 10th District.

I might add that I sparkt the aforementioned gal that night, and anuther gal that slept in the next room flung shoes at the door.

If McGozler and his gal should git hitched into the silken tie of matrimony; and if they should ax me to the weddin', I will give yeou a startlin' account of it. I continer tew remain your limber, yet lively friend,

O. PHIDDLE STYX.
Manager One-Hossley Sho.

◆

A Western Fraud.

Toledo is biting the nail of repentance over the financial vagaries of a company of fertile speculators—Albert Christy, James Kelley and William Kelley. Christy, the guiding genius of this triumvirate, a few years ago bought a vast number of acres in North-western Ohio, and endowed them—on paper—with all the mineral resources of Pennsylvania and Missouri. He formed a company, the "Globe Mineral Company," and in a brief time, by judiciously wrought fictions and kindred ingenious devices, roped in two hundred thousand dollars or more from a number of gullible investors. The stockholders lived for a time on the luxuries of imagination. Presently, however, the dividends not coming forth, legal investigation was proceeded to and the "Globe Mineral" was found a bare-faced fraud. The land invested is valueless, the money invested by shareholders not to be accounted for, and Christy and his associates imperturable and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ahead. The trial just ended displays the most unmitigated villainy and bare-faced swindling on the part of the "Globe" gang, and an equal and almost incredible ignorance and gullibility on the part of the moneyed public.

WOOING A KENTUCKY GIRL.

The Silent Worship of a Wealthy Old Bachelor—The Girl's Unexpected Offer—Throwing Dice—$100,000 Against a lady's hand.

A Louisville correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes. There lived on—street, in an unpretending establishment surrounded by trees and flowers, a young lady who was celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments. She was a blonde, with blue eyes, white teeth and a heavenly smile; had the prettiest hand and foot that eyer was seen; and was tall, lithe, and elegant. Her wit was delicate, pointed and sparkling, and her mind as superior as her person was lovely. The town was at her feet, and her suitors were as importunate, if not as many, as Penelope's, like whom she was continually wooed and yet never won. In the midst of her successes came the war, and the end of which found her family impoverished, and she herself reduced to want for the necessaries of life.

But she was still the same proud, imperious mistress of hearts as before, and she refused in quick succession the many offers of marriage that were now made to her. She had not thought of matrimony as a resource, but had other and different prospects in view. She proposed, in fact, to teach a school.

A fellow townsman, a gentleman of wealth and position, and a bachelor, had long been a silent worshipper at her shrine. He had houses and lands—estates in the country and lots in the city—stocks, interests, and investments wherever they would pay; and his private establishment on—street was simply palatial. Seeing how the case stood with her whom he loved with his whole soul, he resolved, after many self-communings and much reflection to ask her to be his wife.

"Sir," she said in answer to his proposal, "I do not love you, and I cannot marry you."

"Think the matter over, my dear," said he, "and in one week from to-day give me your answer."

Upon his return, on the day set, she said to him.

"Sir, you have wealth, and I am poor; you live in a palace, and I, as you see, in a cottage; you are desirous of having my hand, and I would like very much to be rich. I will throw the dice with you—my hand against a hundred thousand dollars! Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said he. And thereupon they pledged to each other their words to bide the hazard.

It was arranged that but three persons should be let into the secret; that each should select a friend; and that the two selected friends were to choose the third, Miss—— named the Hon. Mr.——, a prominent member of the bar, as her friend; Mr.—— chose the Rev. Mr.——, pastor of the fashionable church on —— street, as his; and these two made choice of Dr.——, an eminent professor in the medical college, as the friend of both parties. By these gentlemen the preliminaries were arranged, and the programme was this:

The doctor was to give a party at his house on a certain specified Friday evening, at which were to be present all the best people in Louisville; the Hon. Mr.—— was to have a license in blank, ready to be filled at a moment's warning, and was to hold Mr.——'s check for $100,000; and the Rev. Mr.—— was to be in waiting to perform the marriage [illegible] called on so to do. The dice were to be thrown in Mr.——'s study, whence the quintette were to proceed to the party, where, if Miss—— lost, they were to celebrate [illegible] and if she won, they [illegible] out remark.

At precisely nine o'clock on that eventful evening, the players and their freinds met in the Hon. Mr.——'s study. By agreement of the parties themselves, they were to throw poker dice, and to cut cards for the first throw. The gentleman cut a queen and the lady a jack, and now came the tug of war. He was cool, calm, and pale; she was statuesque, imperious and collected. His lips were compressed; hers were formed into an extended arc, spanning the whole mouth and completing the bow. The twain sat on opposite sides of a small table, and the umpires stood overlooking them.

The dice box being set before him, Mr. —— placed his fingers over the top, and with the thumb clasping the side, he gave it a shake and threw two fours and two deuces. Putting aside the fours, he threw another four. Then, throwing the two remaining dice, he threw two fives. He had thrown, therefore, a full—three fours and two fives.

And now came Miss——'s turn. It was a thrilling moment, and the rustle of her silk dress in the stillness of that room sounded like the tree tops in the wind. She began by drawing off her right glove, exposing a hand of exquisite beauty and delicacy, on the forefinger of which sparkled a diamond. Then, taking up the box quickly, she gave it a long shake in the air, and turning it down upon the table, she threw—nothing! A cloud thereupon passed over her face, and the arc of her lips assumed a still more bow-like curvature.

But, nothing daunted, she at once retook the box and threw again this time turning up four deuces, and the fifth dice cocked. Terrible mischance! Miserable luck! Again she threw, and threw three deuces and two trays. Putting all the dice back into the box, she had left but one other and last throw, upon which now rested her only chance. For the first time since she sat down she spoke, asking for a glass of water. Having drank a tumblerful, she sat for a moment pressing together her eyebrows between her thumb and forefinger, and then, all of a sudden, she snatched up the dice box and shook it vehemently, and threw— three fours and two sixes, and won. And did she take the money? you ask me. I answer most emphatically—she did.

◆

Mr. Bergh's Dream.

Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, lectured on his favorite subject, recently, in Brooklyn. The feature of his address was the recital of a dream which had come to him after a wearisome day of labor and disappointment. He thought he had died and went to another world. He stopped at a sort of a half-way station which he found to be a sort of purgatory for animals.

When he knocked at the gate his summons was answered by a mule, upon whom devolved the duties of the doorkeeper and general superintendent of affairs.

"What do you want here?" said the long-eared quadruped.

"I wish to enter your purgatory," replied the spirit of Mr. Bergh. "I should like to hold sweet communion with the disembodied souls of such beasts, birds, fish and reptiles as have suffered from the inhumanity of man on earth, and are preparing to receive their deserts in mansions beyond the reach of cruelty and oppression."

"Come in," said the mule, after a close scrutiny of the visitor's person, "You do not seem to be one of us, for you have no tail, and you are neither feathered nor furred, nor have you horns or hoofs; but step in and I will introduce you to the Mayor."

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Letters and communications should be addressed to
J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa.

The Mayor was a beautiful white horse that had spent sufficient time in the spirit-world to become a perfect specimen. He had some doubts respecting Mr. Burgh's honesty of purpose, but having satisfied himself he received the great philanthropist cordially, and tendered him the hospitalities of his princely stable. Before committing himself to the latter act, however, he caused the various animals within his bailiwick to inspect Mr. Burgh, in order to settle the fact that in the flesh he had nothing to do with the torturing of their bodies.

The first inspector was a delapidated horse, then on probation. He gave Mr. Bergh a long history of his troubles on earth, and, in consideration of the patience with which he had been listened to, furnished him with a certificate of good character. Then came a turtle, a Newfoundland dog, a heifer, an ox, and a Brooklyn cow, each of whom spent some minutes repeating to the stranger the trials and tribulations of his or her life among men on earth. The heifer lost her temper while recalling the enormities practiced upon her when subject to man's dominion, and sought to do violence to the person of her visitor, but the Mayor had her locked up by a grizzly bear and put on short rations for twenty-four hours. The turtle shed tears as he stood up on his hind legs and related the sad story of his wrongs; and as he wiped his eyes with his forward fins and steadied himself with his tail, he displayed an extensive knowledge of geography, and evinced a corresponding want of faith in the humanity of the world at large. The other animals told their stories until the dreamer awoke and committed to paper the queer experience of his keeping hours.

◆

The "Wickedest Woman."

John Allen, the "wickedest man," in New York, is outdone by the "wickedest woman" in New York, who has felt the sin of her ways and changed them. Annie Russel, keeper of the most disorderly place in the miserable Fourth ward, having repented, has caused all the furniture of her Water street bagnio to be literally "broken up" with axes, and it is now to be used as a place of worship. This conversion results from attendance at the "Home for Women," at John Allen's old place, where noon-day prayer meetings have been held every day since its establishment. A bit of instruction is contained in her statement that, in 1866, she had left Water street, as she confidently believed, never to return, and had moved to a quiet locality up-town. Here for some months she lived in quiet and was at first treated kindly by her neighbors. She furnished her house neatly, and all the past seemed to be forgotten. But Tom Norton, unwilling to lose the rent of the house on Water street, began systematically the work of driving her back to her old place and occupation. He talked with the frequenters of the bar-rooms in the vicinity and others until her former history was known by all her new-found friends. She did not hear of his actions for some time, but noticed that she was shunned, and she became so miserable that she sought her old abode on Water street to drown her agony. She says it was a cruel alternative, but she felt compelled to choose it. All who have seen and talked with her at this time are encouraged to believe in the sincerity of her conversion. She says she has paid the rent upon the house which she lately occupied up to January 1, house as [illegible] room. She prays very fervently for herself and all her wretched sisters in Water street. It has been ascertained that she has considerable money. She has several houses up-town, the rent entirely in the hands of the missionary of the Home, [illegible] to devote the rest of her life to saving fallen women. The best assurance of her sincerity is the utter hatred which she has for the property and money acquired by this means. On entering the House she cast off a massive gold ring, saying that it was the wages of sin, and she never wanted to see it again."

◆

A Novel Cure.

Alexandre Dumas published some time ago, in a daily Paris paper, a novel, in which the heroine prosperous and happy is assailed by consumption. All the slow and gradual symptoms were most naturally and touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis Dalomieu called on him.

"Dumas" said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the——?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course, dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described how could she live?"

"You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed. Will live too."

"Come a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy.

About five years afterwards Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas?" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Joanne d'Arc.

"Yes. She is married, and has four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas "so we are quits."

◆

Imitation of Nature.

Thousands of diseases could be cured if doctors gave close observation to the movements and indications of nature, whose wise and beneficent laws are sure to carry us safely through; unless contravened by our own meddlesomeness or folly—DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE has been prepared with the full purpose in view to heal the lungs, remove obstructions purify the blood and cure all those diseases of the lungs which ultimately lead to cosumption. It cured one of the former editors of this paper of a cough in one dose. It is a wonderful medicine, and is without an equal even in the cure of consumption in its early stages. $1.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send five dollars to Dr. Keyser, and he will send four bottles securely boxed, by express, with full directions how to use it. 167 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh.

◆

—Marshall & Co., St. Louis, who were established in 1863, are now building a new foundry, 84x100 feet, with two cupolas and one air furnace and propose to employ from 40 to 50 tons of Missouri pig iron daily. Their machine shop is 200x40 feet, three stories and they use a steam engine of [illegible] manufacture, of 75 horse p[illegible]

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The Beaver Argus.

J. WEYAND, Editor and Proprietor.

Beaver, Pa., Jan. 4th, 1871.

MRS. BELKNAP, wife of the Secretary of War, died in Washington city, one day last week, after an illness of several months duration. She was a native of Kentucky; her husband (Gen. Belknap) becoming acquainted with her while serving in that State during the war.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART last year paid an income tax more than either one of twenty-seven states and territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho and Montana combined. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole state of Vermont.

THE Prospectus of the New York *Tribune* for the year 1871 will be found in the ARGUS of to-day. We need scarcely say that the *Tribune* is the leading Republican paper of the country. It has no superior anywhere in the field of Journalism. Let those who desire to become its readers for the present year, send in their subscriptions at once. For terms &c. see prospectus.

ANDY WILLIAMS, a negro, who was hanged at Harrison, Tennessee, last week, for murder, wanted to be baptized by immersion on the day before his execution. His request was granted and the baptism took place in the prison, the sheriff refusing the spiritual adviser permission to take the prisoner to the river. Soon after the immersion a reporter visited Williams and asked him how he felt. "Oh, fat as a mule," he replied.

THOSE who open letters belonging to friends, under the presumption that they have a right to do so, may do well to take warning by the punishment of James Warner, a citizen of St. Louis, Mo. James, it appears, was indiscreet enough in May last to open a letter addressed to his sister-in-law, and the latter having discovered the fact, caused his arrest. He was tried a few days ago and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

MRS. Paulina W. Davis, Josephine S. Griffing, and Isabella B. Hooker have issued a call for a National Suffrage Convention at Washington, on the 11th and 12th of January next, to secure, if possible, the discussion of the enfranchisement of women question during the present session of Congress with a view to the early passage of a XVIth Amendment. The signers of the call say: "We earnestly urge you, dear friends, to come together at this time in a spirit of unselfishness and of hard work, and let us take one another by the hand and move onward as never before."

FOR arrogance, self-conceit, and downright stupidity, the Bourbon Democrats of Kentucky are beyond the reach of rivalry. Representative Beck of that State, a moderate Democrat and a courteous gentleman during the last session of Congress was so imprudent as to dine with Speaker [illegible], and to join an excursion [illegible]. [illegible] Kentucky decorum; he was on his return home last summer publicly rebuked and compelled to apologize. Kentucky has long been noted for the excellence of its mules; it has fail to attain [illegible] of its men.

A CINCINNATI man has brought suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $5,000 damages, sustained in consequence of a message being delivered to the very man, of all others, who should not have had it. The plaintiff in the case telegraphed to his attorneys at Meridian, Miss., to seize DE HAVEN'S circus for debt. By mistake the message was sent to De Haven instead of the attorneys, and he very judiciously proceeded to put the property in such shape that it could not be taken; after which he considerately handed over the telegram to the parties for whom it was originally designed. Accordingly, the Telegraph Company are now sued.

THE jury in the "*Credit Mobilier*" have returned a verdict for the Commonwealth that the *Credit Mobilier* pay into the State Treasury for taxes six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars, the exact amount claimed. Five hundred thousand dollars additional depended upon the action of the jury in this case, and it is, therefore, anticipated, that the result of this trial will ultimately be to put into the State Treasury, on account of the "*Credit Mobilier*," over one million dollars. Great satisfaction is expressed at this verdict, as well on account of the revenue it puts into the State Treasury as for the vigor with which the law governing corporations has been enforced.

THE New York *Leader*, the Tammany Hall organ of the Democracy, contained an editorial a few days ago alleging that Governor Hoffman would *not* be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1872. It also declared its purpose to support Senator Hendricks of Indiana for that nomination. This movement on the part of the Tammany managers is intended to get up a general quarrel among all the other Democratic aspirants for Presidential honors, so that when the time comes around to make the nomination, Governor Hoffman (he having in the meantime taken no part in the wrangle) will be regarded as the only available candidate for the position. He will go through then, just as Seymour went through in 1868.

NEARLY all the daily newspapers of this country, are owned by stock companies. As several of the New York papers are extensively read by the people of this locality we herewith publish the reputed ownership of two of them viz., the *Tribune* and the *Times*, of the 100 shares into which the *Tribune* establishment is divided the present ownership is as follows: Mr. Sinclair, publisher, 22; Dr. Ayer, of Lowell, 16; estate of Mr. Clark formerly financial editor, [illegible] Mr. Greeley, 9; Mrs. Greeley, 5; Mr. Ripley, literary editor, [illegible]; Bayard Taylor, 5; Mr. [illegible] foreman, 5; estate A. H. [illegible] of coal-heap, 5; Solon Robinson, [illegible] pressman, 2 [illegible] of Mrs. Cal[illegible] 1; Oliver Johnson, 1; Whitelaw Reid, 1; J. F. Cleveland 1. The original cost of each share was $1,000. The market value is now $8,000 per share.

It is said also that the stock in the New York daily *Times* belonging to the estate of James [illegible] is soon to be sold at executor's sale. Like the *Tribune*, the *Times* is stocked at 100 shares of $1,000, the market value being now at least $8,000. The ownership of the *Times* is vested in fewer hands than that of the *Tribune*, being, it is understood, as follows: Estate of Henry J. Raymond, 34 shares; George Jones, (publisher and manager) 29; E. B. Morgan, (Cayuga county,) 15; estate of James B. Taylor, 18; A. V. Stout, 8; John Bonner, 4.

THE SPOTTSWOOD HOTEL, in Richmond, known as Jeff Davis' headquarters, during the rebellion, took fire one night about two weeks ago and was burned to the ground. A number of lives were lost in the burning building. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* makes the following comment on the sad occurrence:

"SIR: The account of the burning of the "Spottswood," in Richmond, Va., reminds me of a similar occurrence in Europe, where I narrowly escaped being burned to death. A friend, with whom I was then traveling, upon hearing that the hotel was on fire, remarked that he was fully prepared for such an incident, and coolly took from his trunk a coil of half-inch rope, about 30 feet long, knotted every two feet, to give a better hold. After seeing me down safely, he lowered our baggage, and only came down himself after helping half-a-dozen guests down. Ever since then I carry such a rope. It takes but very little room in a trunk, and, as there is no patent on it every one who can conveniently spare 50 cents may be able, in case of fire in a dwelling-house or hotel, to save himself, and probably some others.

New York Dec. 26, 1870. F. F. S.

A LENGTHY and very acrimonious debate sprang up in the Senate a day or two before its adjournment for the holidays, on the San Domingo question. The President desired a committee of three persons to be appointed to visit San Domingo and ascertain the views of the people there in reference to their annexation to the United States. When the resolution to this effect was offered Senators Sumner, Schurz, Patterson and one or two others opposed its passage in speeches characterized with a good deal of severity toward General Grant. They were replied to by Senators Morton, Conkling and others, who defended the President's course, and in return attacked Senator Sumner with a great deal more than necessary virulence. The debate took a very wide range, and the Senators parted on adjourning, with anything but amiable feelings toward each other. The resolution, however, was adopted, and it is presumed its appearance in the House will occasion a similar scene in that body. On the whole, therefore, it cannot be claimed that "everything is lovely" in Congress and about the Capitol.

THE result of the Senatorial election in the First district—Philadelphia—on the 20th of last month was adverse to the Republicans—Dechert (Dem.) fifteen and fourteen hundred votes. This result was generally unexpected, as the same district last fall gave a Republican majority of something over [illegible] another insists that the "Cameron clique" secretly supported Dechert, while others are quite as certain that the "Curtin ring of the party" had no little to do with Lyndall's defeat. We are inclined to believe that the untoward event was brought about in this wise: When the Republicans nominated a candidate about a month ago to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Mr. Watt, the "Cameron candidate" was badly beaten in the contest. Lyndall, the successful candidate, was regarded as a "Curtin man."—Shortly after the nomination, Cameron and his "understrappers" appeared in Philadelphia and opened up shop" with a view of capturing Lyndall, and obtaining pledges from him to go for Mackey for State Treasurer, &c. &c., representing to Lyndall that they had sufficient power in the city to defeat or elect him as they saw fit. Lyndall yielded at last to their threats and it is stated, he agreed to go the "Cameron programme" throughout, provided the Cameronians would turn in and give him *their* support at the approaching election. When this new deal became known, the Curtin men grew apathetic, and many of them refused to attend the election. They concluded if Lyndall went "back" on his *real* friends after his nomination and before the election, he could not be trusted as a member of the Senate.

SENATOR CAMERON, it seems, had charge of the recent Campaign in Georgia. During the contest there, it is known he visited that State twice, and we believe he was at Milledgeville, on the day of the election. We presume he took charge of the campaign there by virtue of his position on the Congressional Republican committee. Himself and "tools" also went to Philadelphia, and "opened up shop" with a view to capturing Lyndall and managing the Senatorial contest in the First district, on the 20th of last month. Now as we were badly beaten in both, (Georgia and Philadelphia) we modestly suggest that it would be well for the Republican party, if Senator Cameron and his 'bummers' would form the second line of battle in future political struggles, not only in Pennsylvania, but elsewhere.

Camels in the United States.

A Nevada paper gives the following interesting account of the acclimation and use of camels in that State: "On a ranch on the Carson river, eight miles below the mouth of Six-mile Kanyon, and about seventeen miles east of the city, is to be seen a herd of twenty-six camels, all but two of which were born and raised in the State. But two of the old herd of nine or ten, brought here some years ago, are now living. It would seem that the original lot fell into the hands of Mexicans, who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them. The men who have them now are Frenchmen, and men, it seems, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe. They find no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty-four fine healthy animals, all of Washoe growth. The camel may now be said to be acclimated in Nevada.

TRESSILIAN COURT; OR The Baronet's Son.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "The Double Life," "The Bailiff's Scheme," "The Sundered Hearts," "The Lady of Kildare," "A Life at Stake," "The House of Secrets," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A FEARFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging on the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian.—Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired travelling companion and bosom-friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries including the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder more [illegible] than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Ragusi can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles *you* will proceed to England and Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And *I*, what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life.—You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you.—You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to *my* coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son—"

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence. "You do not know my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you."

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess, the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend. Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Ruby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters!"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder drily, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of my father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead."

"Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder with a reckless laugh. "But if he's living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unfilial speech. Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a boarding-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The result was the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a roue, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old!"

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping her decks.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder. "And a [illegible]"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Capo di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the Capo to Palermo."

"But the seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather. These coasts are dangerous," Lowder shuddered as he surveyed [illegible]

[illegible] about your father, Jasper," said Tressilian, become deeply interested in his companion's story. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings with our single old servant a month or more, my father visiting me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death, he told me that his brother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into riches and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead; she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He promised her, five hundred pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my paternity, solemnly promising to acknowledge me *some day* as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out his wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmother's money, the fruits of years of saving, she dying at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I took my money and came abroad. I had been two years on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of cumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first hasty, ill-starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet *him some day*," and Jasper's face darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was actually married, Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name—DEVEREUX! Probably that was my father's name and my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repulse me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is all a mystery, but the prominent [illegible] that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently. Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless, while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle may straighten itself out some day. But if it don't, you are *resolute* enough to make your own happiness."

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked, with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy into Lowder's lowering face.

There had been a lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There was no time for talking now. The wind rose so high that words could scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before had been only play to this awful outburst. The vessel drove on, creaking and groaning, a mere cockle shell on the billows.

"Mother of Mercies!" wailed the captain. "It's all up with us, signors. I can't make out the Capo in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered, and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Wrecked!" he muttered. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend to-night!"

He moaned and rung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I, so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on the face. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man! Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken mustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five that stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said shrilly. "Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His place at Tressilian Court is empty. Who can fill it?"

It seemed to him that some demon at his side echoed the question: *Who could fill the place left vacant by noble Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressilian's heart. It gave no throb against his hand. He passed his hand over Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water-proof match-safe. He opened it with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressilian's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! [illegible] The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It [illegible] sharp rock, and even Lowder perceived its terrible character.

"*If he is not dead, he soon will be,*" he muttered. "His brain has received an awful injury. He will never know who he is again. He won't live till morning; and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!"

Again it seemed to him as though some demon echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note-book, a packet of letters, a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note-book, a few receipts and trifles from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressilian.

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. *This likeness between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as if from a cottage window, glimmering faintly from the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly: "Help! Hi, there! help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. "We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy. [illegible]

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

"I think he is dead," he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everything be done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my traveling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressilian, and carried it between them toward their cottage, Jasper Lowder following them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter, but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

CALIFORNIA CIVILIZATION.

A [illegible] in a Court House.

A scene occured in the Twelfth District Court at San Francisco, a few days ago, its parallel being unknown in the history of trials on that coast, and probably the like of which has never occured in any other court of justice.

It will be recollected that the jury in the O'Connor murder case were sent out to deliberate their verdict about 1 o'clock last Saturday afternoon. They were brought into court several times, but stated that they were unable to agree, and were always sent out again. His Honor Judge McKinstry, was evidently of the opinion that there was nothing in the case which would prevent an honest jury from agreeing on a verdict. For a day or two past it has been generally understood that the jury stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. The name of this one appeared to be known, and his standing, by those who knew him, was freely discussed. At a quarter after one o'clock yesterday afternoon, the jury were brought into court. All looked weary and exhausted.

Judge McKinstry stated that if any of the jurors had anything to say he would listen to them.

Wm. Hosford, one of the jurors, arose and addressed the court substantially as follows:

I was told last night that if I did not decide so and so, by another juryman, it would be worse for me. This morning, while lying in bed, this man (pointing to Mr. Howard), stood over me and threatened if I did not decide with him he would shoot me or cut me to pieces. Under these circumstances, if I should render a verdict in accordance with the desire of this gentleman, it would be very wrong for me to do so, and I don't desire to sleep there again, because I don't think the *man is safe*, from the way he has acted.

H. C. Howard—I deny the charges, there is no truth in them.

Judge McKinstry—I dont care about hearing the merits of the matter. If there is any juror who has any weapons on his person, let him surrender them at once to the Sheriff.

Mr. Howard then took from under his vest a bowie-knife, and from his back pocket a derringer, which he handed to the Sheriff.

Judge McKinstry—It shocks the sense of decency that a juror should go into the jury room with weapons.

Mr. Howard—I deny the charges. I have carried arms since the law was repealed.

William Hosford—Furthermore, he stood over my bed this morning with a pen-knife, and did the same thing. Rather than go there, and sleep another night, in his company, I will agree with them upon a verdict [illegible] protests, and [illegible] against my conscience.

H. C. Howard—It is not so.

William Hosford—Your honor can ask the jurors alongside of me.

Judge McKinstry asked what their prospects were.

Juror—I desire to represent to your Honor that an agreement is impossible. We have stood eleven to one since last Sunday.

Hosford—Why don't you say how we stood at first. We were in even proportions and divided on the verdict.

Judge McKinstry—This defendant will have to be retired, and I do not desire to comment upon the case, I did not suppose there was anything in the case to prevent you from finding a verdict. The law supposes that when you go out to deliberate, you will agree. It is strange that a juror should go in the jury-room armed, and, on the other hand, the [illegible] able. It could not be that ten jurors would sit by and see one of their [illegible] try coming to if such things are carried on? Gentlemen you are discharged. I will state that, soon after the jury went out, I was told in a *quasi* way, that there was a man on the jury who would hang it.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable episodes in jury duty. The court, attorneys, and the crowded court-room of spectators were all astonished on hearing the strange revelations, and it was the subject of considerable comment. The jury were out longer than any jury has ever been kept out in this country, having been out ninety-six hours. They stood eleven for manslaughter and one (Hosford) for acquittal. Several jurors stated that Hosford's statement was not true.

A Dead Man with Two Wives.

The New York *Commercial* says: The incidents daily occuring in a great city are stranger than fiction itself. A very curious circumstance took place one day last week in Prince street, on the occasion of an interment of an individual well known in certain circles, who died possessed of considerable property. It was known that he lived unhappily with his wife, and passed but little of his time at what was generally regarded as his home. He was more frequently seen going in and out of an obscure house in Crosby street. The dwelling was known to belong to him, and the neighbors supposed the occupant was a relative. It was thus given out. On the day when the company was gathering for the funeral, the occupant of the house, a lady dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by a little boy and girl, from ten to twelve years of age, entered the house, and her grief became so demonstrative, that inquiries naturally were made why she exhibited so much more grief than the wife of the deceased. The secret was soon made known by the oldest child sobbing saying, "My poor papa is dead!" This was said in such a loud tone that the wife, with whom the deceased had led such an unhappy life, approached the child in a very rude and unfeeling manner, and a scene rarely witnessed in the presence of a corpse occurred—the mother of the children claiming the right to occupy a seat in the carriage as a mourner as the wife of the deceased, and wife No. 1 noisily objecting. The mother and two children followed the hearse, although not permitted to act as "mourners."

—On week before last in Youngstown a Mrs. Daniel O'Bryan went up stairs early in the morning to make a bed. She had a lighted lamp, which she placed on the floor, where it exploded and before assistance could be rendered, the house and its contents were destroyed and the woman herself was so frightfully roasted that she died in a few hours.

THE boys and young folks generally, had a good time skating during the holidays.

New Advertisements.

Notice in Partition.

IN the Orphans' Court of Beaver county, State of Pennsylvania. In the matter of the Partition of the Real Estate of James Russel, late of Industry township, in said county, deceased.

To the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased, to wit: James Russell, Thomas Russell, William Russell, John Russell Robert Russell, Joseph Russell, Elizabeth Russell, and Mary, intermarried with Joseph. Marker, residing in the county of Beaver, also the children of a deceased daughter; Rebecca, intermarried with Francis Braden, late of Beaver county, deceased, viz: Mary, intermarried with Alexander Heringer; James Braden, of Johnston county, Missouri; Margaret, intermarried with —— Angenbaugh, and now deceased, leaving two children to survive her, viz: Mary C. and Laura S. Angenbaugh, residing in Beaver county and State of Pennsylvania; minors above the age of fourteen, without a guardian; and Leander Braden, now deceased, leaving to survive him two children, viz: James Sylvester Braden, and Lorinda Agnes Braden, residing in Columbiana county, State of Ohio, and being minors above the age of fourteen years without a guardian.

Take notice that an Inquisition on the Real Estate of James Russell, deceased, will be held on the premises, on the 31st day of January, 1871.

JOHN GRÆBING, *Sheriff*.

Sheriff's Office, Beaver, January 4, 1871.—jan4;3w.

New Advertisements.

Citation in Partition.

BEAVER COUNTY, ss.

SEAL In the Orphans' Court of Beaver county, Pa. In the matter of the Partition of the Real Estate of William Elliott, deceased. *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To* James Elliott, residing in the township of Ohio, and county aforesaid; Mary Jane, intermarried with Henry Todd, residing in the county of Marengo, State of Iowa; John Elliott, residing in the county of El Dorado, State of California; Martha, intermarried with John Simpson, residing in Henry county, State of Iowa; Beatty Elliott, residing in the State of California; Samuel Elliott, (whose interest in said real estate is now owned by George Elliott, below named,) residing in the county of Jackson, State of Ohio; Elizabeth, intermarried with Henry Dawson; Laughlin Elliott, the petitioner; Robert T. Elliott, George Elliott, and Matilda, intermarried with George Calhoun, having for her Guardian Daniel Dawson, all of the county of Beaver; and all others interested. *Are Hereby Cited to Be and Appear* before the honorable Judges of our said Court to be held for Beaver, in and for the county of Beaver, on the 3d Monday of March next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of decedent at the valuation put upon it by an Inquest awarded by said Court and returned, by the Sheriff, to November term, A. D. 1870, and found to contain as follows, viz: seventy-nine acres and one hundred and fifty perches, with appurtenances; valued at $42.16¼ per acre; and, in case of non-acceptance to show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Hon. A. W. Acheson, President of our said Orphans' Court, at Beaver, this 14th day of November, A. D. 1870. JOHN C. HART, *Clk.*

A true copy; JOHN GRÆBING, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, January 4, 1870.—3t.

Public Sale of Big Beaver Bridge Stock.—The undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Workman, deceased, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Beaver, on **Thursday, January 12th, 1871, at 10 o'clock, a. m., Sixty Shares of Stock** in "The Company for erecting a Bridge over Big Beaver Creek, at or near Wolf Lane, in the county of Beaver."

SAM. B. WILSON, *Executor.*

Beaver, Dec. 23, 1870.

TUSCARORA ACADEMY. The 2d session of the 35th school year will begin January 9th. Those desiring boarding, furnished room, washing, and tuition in a first class Boarding School for a term of nearly six months, $125. Please send for a circular to Academia, Pa. [4w

UNIVERSALISM, What is it? Send for the STAR IN THE WEST, Cincinnati. A large 8-page weekly; established 1827. It meets all the wants of the family; $2.50 per year, $1.25 six months. Try it. Specimens free. Address WILLIAMSON & CANTWELL, Cincinnati, Ohio. [4t

CHRISTIAN STANDARD opposes Sects and advocates Primitive Christianity. *Best* and *Cheapest* Family Weekly; 8 pages, 48 columns; Edited by Elders ISAAC ERRETT and J. S. LAMAR. *Only* $2 a year! Specimens *free*. R. W. CARROLL & CO., Pubs., Cincinnati, Ohio. [jan4;4w

GET 5 persons to successfully canvass for the Premiums, we offer, and receive a $25 Waltham Watch for yourself. Address *People's Weekley*, Dayton, Ohio. jan4w

GENUINE NORWAY OATS, and ALSIKE CLOVER. Sample packages *sent free* to all Farmers; also, a copy of the **American Stock Journal**, by enclosing stamp to N. P. BOYER & Co; Parkesburg, Chester Co. Pa.

Agents!—Every Book Agent and ALL who see this, Write me and be wise. Address Fuller, Publisher, Springfield, Mass. ☞ It will pay. jan4w

New York Safety Steam Power Co.—Steam Engines, with and without cut-off, and Sectional Safety Steam Boiler, built in quantities, by special machinery. Send for Circular, 41 Cortlandt st., New York. jan4w

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE For 1871.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND copies of **Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide**, is published and ready to send out—100 pages, and an Engraving of almost every desirable Flower and Vegetable. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, illustrated with Three Hundred fine Wood Engravings and Two beautiful

COLORED PLATES.

The most beautiful and the most instructive Floral Guide published. A GERMAN EDITION published, in all other respects similar to the English.

Sent free to all my customers of 1870, as rapidly as possible, without application. Sent to all others who order them for **Ten Cents**, which is not *half the cost.* Address

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

1826 Use the "Vegetable PULMONARY BALSAM." 1870 The old standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption. "*Nothing better.*" CUTLER, BROS. & Co., Boston. [jan4;4w

UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER.—Removes Superfluous hair in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. [4t

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN *Colors* the whiskers and hair a beautiful BLACK or BROWN. It consists of *only one preparation.* 75 cents by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM No. 721 Jayne Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars *sent free.* Sold by all Druggists. [jan4;3w

$25 **A Week Salary.**—*Young* men wanted as local and traveling salesmen. Address (with stamp) R. H. WALKER, 34 Park Row, New York. jan4;4w

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL. $30 **Salary per week**, and expenses, paid Agents, to sell our new and useful discoveries. Address B. SWEET & CO., Marshall, Michigan jan4;4w

Read This! WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions Address M. WAGNER & CO, Marshall, Mich. jan4;4w

A CARD.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baleful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by *this noble remedy.* Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *free of charge.* Address JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York city. jan4;4w

Dry Goods.

BARGAINS AT A. W. ERWIN & CO.'S

At 75 Cents, One case of Very Fine Merinos.

AT ONE DOLLAR Extra Good Waterprof.

AT 37½ CENTS Extra Good Table Linen.

Bargains in Many New Dress Goods

CALL AND SEE THEM.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.'S,
No. 178 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY CITY,
jun1:1y—je29jy20—27, sp28

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at Law. Beaver, Pa. Office and residence on Third St. east of the Court House. All law business entrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention. Also persons having *Real Estate for Sale*, and those wishing to buy town property, coal or farm lands, *may save time and money* by calling at my office. apr27;1y

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—*Estate of Jno. McMahon, jr. dec'd.*—Letters of Administration upon the estate of John McMahon, jr., late of Brighton township, county of Beaver, Pa., dec'd., having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment; and those having claims against the same will present them to

nov23;6w MARGARET McMAHON, *Adm'x.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Archibald McCaughtry, dec'd., late of South Beaver township, Beaver Co., Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement. REUBEN WATT, nov23;6w *Adm'r.*

Coal. Coal.

THE undersigned is now engaged in the COAL BUSINESS, and will supply parties with a first rate article of Pittsburgh coal at 11½ cents per bushel. Orders left at Joseph Mitchell's, Orr & Cooper's, or at the Banking House of Thomas McCreery & Co. in Beaver, will receive prompt attention. [nov16;tf] S. R. MITCHELL.

☞ Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Justices' Blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale at this office.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots' Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, *Bridge street*, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates! Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call. my26'69;ly

Miscellaneous.

SAM'L MASON & SONS,
NEW BRIGHTON CUTLERY WORKS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BUTCHER,
CARVER,
BREAD &
COOK'S KNIVES,
&c., &c., &c.

Special attention is given to the *Hardening & Tempering of the Blades*, and we feel and know ourselves to be competent to make the very best, as we employ none but experienced workmen, and use the best of steel. Samuel Mason has now been in the business forty years, and his Sons are all practical workmen. We are also manufacturers of

POCKET-KNIVES,
PEN-KNIVES,
PRUNERS' KNIVES,
PENCIL KNIVES,

Made from S. & C. Wardlow's Refined English Steel, and *Every Blade Warranted.*

Special attention is called to our stock of—

Razors,
Pocket Scissors,
Ladies' Scissors,
Bankers' Scissors,
Barbers' Scissors, &c.

All orders will be promptly filled and shipped as advised.

☞ Price List furnished on application.

OFFICE AND WORKS
NEW BRIGHTON, Pa.
sep21:1y;oct11ch;dec7ch

☞ Blank Deeds for sale at the ARGUS office.

NEW - GOODS
AT
A. W. ERWIN & CO'S

French Merinos.
Wool Plaids.
Poplin Plaids.
Black Waterproofs.
Brown Waterproofs.
Corded Poplins.
Silk and Wool Poplins.
Irish Poplins.
New Dark Delains.
Plain Mixed Goods.
Grey Poplins.

AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES
Wholesale and Retail,
AT
A. W. ERWIN & CO.'S,
178 Federal St., Allegheny.
Sep28,tc

WANTED!—A General Agent for Beaver county, for the Guardian Mutual Life. Inducements to the right man. *For terms and circulars*, address Smith, Roberts & Hollingshead, Managers, South-east corner 5th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. [nov9;tf.

KNITTING YARNS.
A large supply of the Celebrated
SPRINGFIELD WOOLEN YARNS,
In all colors and qualities, just received by
S. J. CROSS & CO.
nov23;tf Rochester.

Point Planing Mills,
Water Street, Rochester, Pa.
Whitfield & Anderson,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Floor-boards, Weather-boards, Palings, Brackets, &c., &c.
ALSO,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND BUILDING TIMBER.

Having purchased the territorial interest of Mr. J. C. Anderson, owner of the several Patents covering certain improvements in the construction and joining of weatherboards and lining for houses and other buildings, we are the only persons authorized to make and sell the same within the limits of Beaver county. Parties interested will please observe this.

Carpenters' Supplies Constantly on Hand.

Every manner of shop work made to order. sep28;3m

Orphans' Court Sale.

Tract of Land in Darlington Town'p.

By virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver county the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Mitchell, dec'd will expose to public sale on the premises

On Wednesday, January 4th, 1871,

At 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, late of said deceased, viz: All that certain tract of land situate in Darlington township, Beaver county, Pa., bounded on the east by lands of John Græbing and Joseph Sharp, north by lands of Wm. McClure, and west and south by lands of Abijah Chatley, James McGeorge, sr., and James McGeorge, jr., containing

Eighty-five Acres and 37 Perches

of land, more or less; about 60 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation: the balance well timbered. There are on the premises a two story frame dwelling house (recently built); a one-story cottage house, a log barn and a large frame stable. The land is of first rate quality and is situate within half a mile of the P. Ft. W. & C. Railway Station at New Galilee.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the confirmation of the sale by the Court, the balance in two equal annual payments with interest.

For further information apply to Geo. M. Young, esq., New Galilee, Pa., or the subscriber on the premises. SYNTHIA MITCHELL, dec7,3w Executrix.

J. J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by je8;tf J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

ESTATE OF MRS. ELIZA LEECH, DEC'D.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of the above named decedant, late of the Borough of Beaver, in the county of Beaver, dec'd., have been granted to Robert Davis, residing in the city of Pittsburgh; all persons, therefore, having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make the same known to the said administrator without delay. ROBERT DAVIS, Adm'r, P. O. address 40th street, Pittsburgh, Pa. nov23;6w

PIMPLES.

The undersigned will cheerfully mail (free) to all who wish it, the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and beautiful Vegetable Balm, that will immediately remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear smooth and beautiful.

He will also send (free) instructions for producing, by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face.

The above can be obtained by return mail, by addressing THOS. CHAPMAN, Chemist, nov2;3m. 195 Broadway, New York.

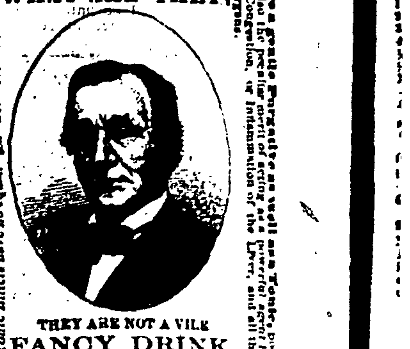
The Cheapest Wholesale
BOOT & SHOE HOUSE
IN PITTSBURGH.
Joseph H. Borland,
53 & 55 Wood Street,
Manufacturer, Wholesale & Commission Dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
At New York and Boston Prices.

Agent for Philadelphia city made goods at Manufacturers prices. Orders from country dealers promptly filled and satisfaction warranted. Fresh goods daily. [sep14;3m

☞ Blank Agreements between Teachers and Boards of School Directors, for sale at this office.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS.
More than 500,000 Persons
Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative effects.
WHAT ARE THEY?



For Female Complaints, whether young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal. ☞ Send for a circular.

They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion, or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK.

Made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native Roots and Herbs of California, *free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.* They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and Life Giving Principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, providing the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons, or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory & Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Billious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers; Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. **Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by the derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

Cleanse the vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, itchings, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and *your feelings* will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed or removed.

In Billious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, these Bitters have no equal. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish. J. WALKER, Proprietor, 32 Commerce St., N. Y.

R. H. McDONALD & CO, Druggists and Agents, San Francisco and Sacramento, California, and 32 and 34, Commerce St. N. Y.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. oct12;1y

Instant Relief For
The Asthma.

Having been afflicted with that terrible complaint—completely unfitting me for business for weeks at a time—for the last twelve years, and at last found a remedy that gives

Instant and Complete Relief,

have concluded to have it prepared for sale, so that others similarly afflicted can receive the benefit of it, assuring them that

It will do all, and more than all promised for it;

and, that persons once using, will never be without it,

As numerous others who have used it can testify.

Can be had at the Drug Store of WILLIAM H. BUECHLING, Rochester, Pa., or will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of one dollar, and ten cents to pay postage. CHAS. B. HURST, nov16,70;1y] Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

JOHN V. M'DONALD, W. J. SPEYERER,
GEO. C. SPEYERER, R. J. SPEYERER, Cash'r.

SPEYERER & McDONALD,
BANKERS,
Water St., Rochester, Pa.

☞ Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

Government Coupons Bought on Favorable Terms. Correspondence Solicited. [nov16;1y

CARRIAGE MAKING.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has erected a new three story building on *Bridge Street, New Brighton*, where he will be happy to meet his old friends and do anything for them

In the Carriage-Making Line,

which they may desire. His shop is well supplied with good material, and he keeps none but skilled workmen in his employ. His open buggies, and top-carriages, are equal to any manufactured in this section of the State. Spring wagons also constructed, and repairing done at short notice and on liberal terms. GEORGE METZ nov16;3m*

Winter, Winter! Cold and Icy!
Clothing, Clothing! Warm and heavy.

As Regular as the Seasons Change, so must we change our Light Garments for

Heavy Garments.

As the Mechanic and the Laborer go to their daily labor, and the Professional and business man to their offices or places of business, these cold and chilly mornings, the thought enters their mind—

WHERE SHALL WE BUY
Our Winter Clothing?

To the man who buys his goods ready made, we would say: Go to

S.&J.Snellenburgs
Broadway, New Brighton;
BECAUSE THEY MAKE THEIR OWN
GOODS,
And Keep the Best Assortment in Beaver County.

To the man who has his goods made to order, or by measure, we would say Go to

S. & J. SNELLENBURG'S,
Because they have a Cutter,
And Tailors second to none in Beaver Co.
KEEP A CHOICE STOCK OF
Piece Goods From Which to Select;
AND THEIR MOTTO IS
"NO FIT, NO PAY."
REMEMBER,
BROADWAY, NEW BRIGHTON.
Sep14t;oct26ch;ly

The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., Jan. 4, 1871.

Circulation Over Twelve Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	3w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 sqr—10 lines,	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00
4 squares, do	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	21 00
¼ column,	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	33 00
½ column,	11 00	15 00	20 00	38 00	60 00
1 column,	22 00	30 00	38 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices....$3 00

Special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

GEO. P. ROWELL, 40 Park Row, N. York, AND **S. M. PETTENGILL & Co,** 37 Park Row, New York, are the *sole* agents for THE BEAVER ARGUS in that city, and are authorized to contract for inserting advertisements for us at our lowest cash rates. Advertisers in that city are requested to leave their favors with either of the above houses.

State of the Thermometer for the week ending December 31, 1870.

		7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
Dec.	18	32 deg.	36 deg.	34 deg.
"	19	34 deg.	36 deg.	31 deg.
"	20	37 deg.	38 deg.	31 deg.
"	21	13 deg.	20 deg.	13 deg.
"	22	9 deg.	12 deg.	14 deg.
"	23	11 deg.	11 deg.	8 deg.
"	24	4 deg.	15 deg.	11 deg.
		SECOND WEEK.		
"	25	7 deg.	17 deg.	16 deg.
"	26	27 deg.	26 deg.	13 deg.
"	27	12 deg.	32 deg.	32 deg.
"	28	32 deg.	35 deg.	20 deg.
"	29	11 deg.	18 deg.	12 deg.
"	30	15 deg.	32 deg.	30 deg.
"	31	38 deg.	35 deg.	34 deg.

The coldest days of December, last, were the 23d and 24th, average temperature—10°; longest registered temperature during the month was the nights of the 23d and 24th—2 degrees below zero.

R. T. TAYLOR.

TIME TABLE.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Morning Accom'n 9.17; Evening Express, 5.47; Mail; 2 17 p. m.; Local Freight (carries passengers) 3;31 p. m.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7 43 a. m.; Local Freight (carrying passengers) 9;40 a. m.; Express, 4;31 p. m.; Accommodation, 5.47 p. m.

Pitt. Ft. W. & C. R. R.—Trains going East leave Rochester Station (at end of bridge) as follows: Beaver Falls Accom. 6.03 a.m.; Enon accom. 7 10 a. m.; New Castle accom. 8.30 a. m.; B. Falls accom. 12.10 p. m.

Trains going West leave Rochester Station, (at end of bridge) as follows: B. F. accom. 10 a. m.; Enon accom. 5.12 p. m.; Erie night express 5.45 p. m.; B. F. accom. 7.37 p. m.

Trains going East leave Rochester (Upper) Depot as follows: B. F. accom. 6.05 a. m; Enon accom. 7.15 a. m.; New Castle accom. 8.40 a. m; Chicago exp. 10.52 a. m; Beaver Falls accom. 12.15 p. m; Chicago Mail 2.05 p. m; Erie exp. 4 10 p. m; Chicago exp. 6.01 p. m; Erie mail 9.55 p. m.

Trains going West, leave Rochester (Upper) Depot as follows: Chicago mail 8.15 a. m.; Erie exp. 8.25 a. m; Beaver Falls accom. 9.55 a. m.; Chicago exp. 11.30 a. m.; Chicago exp. 3.55 p. m; New Castle accom. 4.30 p. m.; Erie exp. 5.42 p. m; Beaver Falls accom. 7.33.

The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the ARGUS to-day:

For Sale—Hiram Stowe.
Executor's Sale—W. H. Frazer, Ex'r.
Divorces—Moore & Richardson.
$250 per Month—Wells & Co.
Public Sale—Sam. B. Wilson, Ex'r.
Special Notices—J. H. Bence.
Penmanship—Prof. J. W. Steele.
Special Notice—Prof. R. T. Taylor.
Bounty Fund Statement—John Slentz, Treas.
Notice in Partition—Hugh S. Fleming, Sheriff.
Citation in Partition—John Græbing, Sheriff.
Notice in Partition—John Græbing, Sheriff.
New Advertisements—Geo. P. Rowell.

☞Slipper patterns, Noubia Hoods, Scarfs and Cravats, at Mrs. Beacom's.

SPRING WAGON CHEAP.—Any person wanting a nice light covered three springed wagon very cheap, can purchase one at the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine office, Beaver, Penn'a. S. J. Anderson. nov30;tf

☞A full assortment of every quality of hose, at Mrs. Beacom's.

☞Blank Warrants to Collectors of School Tax neatly printed, and for sale at this office.

Velveteens, Skirts, and Double and Single Shawls, at Mrs. Beacom's.

☞Blank Orders on Treasurer of School Districts, just printed and for sale at this office.

CHICKENS — Take them to J. H. Bence's store, Quay's building, Beaver, in exchange for cheap Dry Goods, Millinery Goods, Furs, Trimmings, &c. dec7;4w.

☞A nice selection of Fancy articles, suitable for Holiday presents, embracing Lace, Linen and Embroidered Collars and Cuffs, at Mrs. E. H. Beacom's.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the old firm of G. C. Speyerer, will please call at the store of Speyerer & Sons and settle, on *or before 1st of January,* 1871. All accounts unpaid at that date will be placed in the hands of a proper officer for collection. dec14;3t.

Hem stitched Handkerchiefs, all linen, only 15 cents, at Mrs. Beacom's.

More Good Hogs.—Mr. J. N. Hindman, of Brighton township, killed four hogs, of his own raising, a short time ago, which weighed in the aggregate 1343. They were but one year old.

Bridge Stock For Sale.—Persons desirous of investing in stocks, should make it a point to attend a public sale at the Court House on the 12th of this month. 60 shares of Big Beaver creek bridge stock will be disposed of at that time by the Executor of Mrs. Elizabeth Workman, dec'd. This stock is among the best in the market.

How to be Taken.—A friend of ours who has had some experience, says that if you call on a lady, and she crochets diligently all the evening, and says "yes" and "no," you can go away about nine, or a quarter past, without breaking any of the rules of etiquette. And if the old gentleman calls down the stairs:—"Jerusher Ann! it's nine o'clock," it may be taken as a sort of verbal bootjack, *and not merely information as to* the state of the clock.

Iowa Hogs.—One of our subscribers in Iowa, (Mr. W. C. Rhodes,) sends us the *Maquoketa Excelsior,* containing the following notice of some large hogs in that section of country: Mr. Hosea Goodenow sold to Mr. Dixon on Monday, a hog which weighed *seven hundred and fifty pounds,* being twenty-five pounds the heaviest hog delivered in this market; the second was Mr. Hatfield's, which weighed seven hundred and twenty-five, instead of six hundred and twenty-five as we reported it. We now apologise to Mr. Hatfield for the mistake and give him his other hundred pounds of pork.

Neck-tie Sociables are the latest novelty. The *modus operandi* is as follows: Every lady, upon entering the door, is required to give the doorkeeper an envelope containing a neck-tie made of the same material as the dress she wears that evening; to be made in any conceivable shape, and trimmed as she chooses. Every gentleman pays fifteen cents at the door and receives a check for a neck-tie, and afterwards the neck-ties are distributed to check-holders. *After* receiving his new *article of dress,* each gentleman commences to search for the lady who made it, and after finding her shows his gratitude by treating her to oysters, cake, candy, etc.

The "Nick Wall" Disaster.—Another terrible river disaster occurred near Memphis, about two weeks ago, resulting in the loss of about one hundred lives. The unfortunate boat was the "Nick Wall," she striking a snag, and sinking in very deep water. The Nick Wall was commanded by Capt. Poe, of Georgetown, this county. The Captain's wife, and several others belonging to Beaver county, were on board the steamer when the casualty occurred, all of whom, however, we believe were saved. Mr. Henry C. Lyon, formerly of Beaver, was her second clerk; he, too, escaped drowning. The boat is a total loss.

The Bachelor's Lamentation.—A friend sends us the following piece of poetry, clipped from an old copy of the *Crisis* or *Beaver Valley Gazette,* dated Sept. 10th, 1814. Who the afflicted author was, we are not able to say:

I'm weary of a single life,
I really wish I had a wife;
My years consume in care and pain;
And nature proves I live in vain.
I've lived so long in doubt and fear,
The girls now fly me like a deer—
And when I ask a pretty maid,
If she of wedlock is afraid;
Or if I ask a rosy miss,
If she will grant me but a kiss,
Or Sally, will you be my bride?
Good Lord must I endure such scorn!
I wish I never had been born,
Or I had shun'd this deadly woe;
By wedding twenty years ago;
But well, tho' many so revile me,
I'm not the same I us'd to be!
My beard is long, my head is gray,
My eyes are sore, my teeth decay;
My shirt is dirty and much worn,
My coat is old, my small clothes torn,
My shoes, alas! they have no soles,
My stockings have five hundred holes,
And all these woes and ills of life,
Are owing to my want—a wife!
Please God I live and tarry here,
I will have one before a year;
But should I unsuccessful prove,
And all the fond intrigues of love;
Should they despise me and my wealth,
I'll buy a gun and shoot myself.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.—Coming on Monday, January 2d, 1871, at J. H. Bence's, Beaver. Dry Goods, Furs, Millinery Goods, Trimmings, and Notions, &c., &c. All goods marked down regardless of cost. Immense bargains, consisting of all the new styles of Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Shawls, Blankets, Flannels, Grain Bags, &c. Hats, Bonnets, Plumes, French Flowers, Ribbons, &c., and a *fine* lot of Furs very cheap, a very large assortment of Kid Gloves of good French make at one dollar per pair or one twenty-five for fancy colors per pair. Sacking Velvets, &c., a large stock of Velvet Ribbons, Men's Shirts, and Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, and thousands of articles too numerous to mention here.

Hon. H. B. Swope.—The gentleman, whose name heads this paragraph, has been selected, to open, on the evening of the 12th inst., a course of lectures, under the auspices of the Beaver Y. M. C. Association. The selection is a happy one. Mr. Swope as an orator, has few if any equals in Western Pennsylvania. *His Lecture on the Bible,* delivered a few evenings since in the city of Pittsburgh, is spoken of as a masterpiece of descriptive eloquence, full of 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'

We hope for the credit of our citizens, that Mr. Swope will be greeted with a full house. We owe it to the Young Men of Beaver; we owe it to the distinguished lecturer. There has been an indifference heretofore existing, to intellectual entertainments, not very creditable to the head or hearts of our citizens. We therefore hope that the patronage that will be extended to the proposed Course of Lectures will give evidence that Beaver is at least improving in its appreciation of the higher efforts of mind. Parents will confer lasting blessings by making arrangements to have their children attend this course. An able lecture; an eloquent oration, once heard, is a treasure that will never be lost. Such a lecture, such an oration we are promised, on the above named evening. Let all be present.

J. G. D.

We call special attention to the fact that the course of lectures under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Beaver, commences with the evening of January 12th. The lectures are to be delivered in the Methodist E. Church, and from the names already announced a rich intellectual treat is in store for our citizens. Tickets for the course, admitting one person, are sold at one dollar; and family tickets, admitting any number of persons, at two dollars and a half. As the proceeds of the lectures go to the Association, let a large number of tickets be sold. For sale at Orr & Cooper's.

ANY person wanting to save money can do so by calling at once at J. H. Bence's store, Quay's building, Beaver. This is a *rare opportunity,* and persons desirous of purchasing should not delay as the goods are marked sufficiently low to sell off quick. *Reader now is the time!*

Commissions Received.—Commissions for the following named Justices of the Peace of Beaver county have been received by the Register and Recorder, and are ready for delivery: Jno. A. Gibb, Sanford Almy, Henry Kinsey, Jr., J. S. Calvert.

Beaver Co. S. S. Association.—The annual Convention of the Beaver Co. Sabbath School Association was held in the Presbyterian Church of Beaver, commencing Tuesday, Dec'r., 13th. Rev'd. D. P. Lowary, President, in the chair.

The following officers were chosen for the year 1871:

President, J. C. Wilson, Esq.; Vice President, Rev. W. H. Locke; Secretary, Rev. A. Dilworth.

The following persons compose the Executive Committee for 1871:

Of M. E. Church—W. W. Mair, Chair'n.
" Presbyt'n " —Rev. B. C. Critchlow.
" Baptist " —Dr. Shallenberger.
" U. P. " —R. Imbrie.
" Lutheran " —Rev. H. W. Root.
" Methodist " —Joseph Bentley
" Congrega'l " —Prof. Curtiss.
" Christian " —Charles Hurlburt.
" Episcopal " —G. L. Eberhart.
" U. Brethr'n " — ———.
" Ch. of God " —Dr. Nippert.
" Ev. Luth'n " —Rev. Frank.
" Germ. Meth " — ———.

It was resolved that, hereafter, four distinct conventions be held in various parts of the county, and one central convention during the year. A special committee, consisting of O. R. Coe, (chairman), Rev. J. C. Wilson and Rev. W. H. Locke, was appointed to take charge of the district conventions.

A number of interesting topics were discussed, as for example, "The proper training of our teachers;" "Benevolence among our children;" "Opening and closing exercises—how to make them interesting;" "The Sunday School Library," &c., &c. The discussion of these, and other topics, was engaged in by a considerable number of those in attendance and was highly edifying.

A committee, consisting of Rev's. A. Dilworth, W. W. Mair and J. C. Wilson, Esq., was appointed to prepare a series of resolutions expressive of the views of the convention as to the Sunday School work. This committee reported the following paper which was adopted:

WHEREAS, We are firmly persuaded of the importance of instilling into the minds of the children and youth of our country the truths of God's word and of leading them to the Savior; *and whereas,* we regard the Sabbath School as one principal instrumentality by which this object can be accomplished, therefore

Resolved, That we hereby express our sense of the great importance of the Sabbath School work, as a means of giving increased vitality and energy to the Christian church, and of obeying the Saviour's injunction—"feed my lambs."

Resolved, That we are convinced of the necessity of increased effort in building up Sabbath Schools, and that Christians must act upon the Scriptural principle of "going out to the highways and compelling them to come in."

Resolved, That we express it as our conviction that Sabbath School work, to be successful, must be thorough in its character; that superintendents and teachers must prepare themselves for their work by prayer and earnest study of the lesson.

Resolved, That great care should be exercised in the selection of libraries for our Sabbath Schools; that only those books should be introduced, which are Scriptural, and calculated to lead the mind to Christ; and that we express our appreciation of the value of suitable Sunday-School papers.

Resolved, That we view with unfeigned sorrow the lack of interest manifested by the community, and Christians generally, in the meetings of the Sabbath School Association of the county; and that we earnestly request that all Superintendents and teachers, and Sabbath-School workers, should encourage us with their presence and counsel at future meetings of this Association.

The Presbyterian church, New Brighton, was chosen as the place of the next meeting; the time to be fixed by the executive committee.

During the exercises of the Convention some fine music was furnished by the choir of the church in which it met.

The Convention adjourned on Wednesday evening, after an address by the President.

H'D-Q'RS DEP'T OF PA., G. A. R.,
ASS'T ADJ'T GEN'S OFFICE,
Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1870.
GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 9.

With feelings of deep sorrow the commander announces to the Department the death of Comrade WILLIAM B. COOK, who was from the organization of the Order in this State, an active and prominent member of Hays Post, No. 3, of Pittsburgh.

He entered the service in 1862 as a member of the 140th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was wounded and taken prisoner of war at Gettysburg, remaining in Southern prisons some twenty months. On his release he rejoined his regiment; and was mustered out as a Second Lieutenant at the close of the war.

Comrade Cook was well known to the comrades of this Department as the able and zealous Assistant Adjutant General of the Department during the year 1868; endearing himself to all with whom he came into contact by his many amiable qualities and kind and gentlemanly disposition.

He was born in Burgettstown, Washington county, Pa., and died of consumption, at Canton Illinois, on Saturday, December 3d, in the 33d year of his age.

A. R. CALHOUN,
Commanding Department.

Official:
R. B. BEATH, *A. A. General.*

JAMESTOWN, Dec. 24th, 1870.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that a letter from this county, might not prove uninteresting to your *readers.* I have retired from my usual duties, to address a few words to your *excellent paper.*—Even as I write, the quiet spell of approaching Christmas steals over me indicative, as we would *fain believe, of the* time of its approach.

To-morrow is the Christians' Christmas and as such deserves to be peculiarly observed. As our thoughts of the Savior's natal morn are blended with our Father's resting day, and as in one day we celebrate the anniversary of both, we cannot but feel the double delights of the *Sabbath-Christmas.*

To the Christian this day will be beautifully sweet. His Christmas feasts will be feasts of the soul. *If there is a millenium* of soul upon earth, *surely it is the* enjoyment of the Christian's Christmas.

Alive to its *coming some of the young* people of our village have prepared the way *for this Christmas, by taking the* usual enjoyment in advance, and last night our youth and beauty met to while away, with *flying feet, swiftly,* the passing hours. Others await its coming in a different manner. On last Thursday, the Baptist people organized a church, with a promising *prospect of success.* These people have been holding meetings here for some time; and have experienced quite a revival. Truly, to them this Christmas Sabbath will be precious. But ere this reaches your readers, Christmas will have come and gone, and we shall have again returned to our duties.

We, who now address you, shall have found our way to the hall of learning on the top of our "hill of science" and engaged in the ordinary routine of school life. But now let me, on behalf of the students of Jamestown Seminary, wish a "merry Christmas" to our friends in Beaver county. *May you, brothers and* sisters, reach the goal as soon as we, and receive with us the crowns of wisdom from the Goddess of Knowledge.

We have a flourishing school here. Our building is situated on a commanding eminence, from which we obtain a good view of the village, and surrounding country. Here the pure air always surrounds us; and with the exercise of ascending our "hill of science," infusing our cheeks with the flush and glow of health, we come into our recitation rooms, both physically and mentally prepared.

Should any of our friends visit us, we will show them what it is to be physically and mentally educated. The aim of our school is thoroughness and application. We adopt the truth, that education unapplied is little more than worthless, that the student's mind is not a passive instrument to be operated by his teacher only; but that *it is a living,* active machine, capable of action itself. Particular regard is cherished for the students' *natural inclinations* in study; following as we do, the advice of the poet:

Beware ye of crushing the youthful ambition,
'Tis this is life's rivlet, so lowly and fair,
Though lowly its station, yet great is its mission,
'Tis the guardian of courage; the foe of despair.

Our school has thus far received a liberal share of patronage; limited for the most part to the surrounding country; but we are quite willing to welcome any who are disposed to cast in their lot with us. If there is any good in our Nazareth, we want to send it out.

Of the students who have been enrolled on the Seminary books, some are in preparation for the ministry, some are already laboring in that *profession,* and all are occupying high *stations of* usefulness in the world. They and we, are earnestly endeavoring *to place* our Seminary *among the foremost schools of the* land; and to advance the *interests of our* common humanity. *Ad hoc jucunde laboramus.*

Yours truly.
J. M. McCANLEY.

From Our Paper.

Beaver Falls.

The town which has the honor of numbering Mound Valley Good Templar Lodge, among its flourishing institutions, *is an object of interest throughout* the land. Wherever you may *go,* its name is familiar, its wonderful rise and growth is a subject of wonder, and *every one has* his opinion made up, as to its present *status* and *future* prospects. These opinions are as various as the individuals themselves. While some prognosticate direful decay, dissolution and destruction of what they deem an unnatural and unsound developement, others who are not inveterate croakers, nor constitutional despondents and who have scrutinized the true causes of its developements and are aware of its natural advantages and resources, as well as the direction of its industrial interests, are sanguine and hopeful of the future. A good rule to test the soundness of the opinions expressed by those who disparage the present condition or the future of Beaver Falls; is, to consider the sources whence such disparagements come. As we said before, they are either from inveterate croakers and constitutional despondents, or from those who are ignorant of the true state of the case, or lack the power of drawing correct conclusions, from facts that they do know. The writer of this has been familiar with the place for years, and he sees no reason now to change the opinion always cherished that the valley of the Beaver is some day and that not distant to be the seat of a manufacturing interest which will create almost one city from New Castle to the Ohio River; *five* years ago and Beaver Falls was a village of a few hundred inhabitants; now there are more thousands. Then the aspect of things was woe-begone and wretched in the extreme. What a transformation it now presents! Who shall say that the work will stop here. Is it stopping? True times may be dull, but where are they not so? But certainly Beaver Falls has come in for its full share of improvement this winter. The Axe factory, the Hinge factory, Machine shop &c., are additions to our manufacturing and productive power, not to be despised. Just hold on bravely to the snug little ship and she will weather present discouragements and launch out next spring on a voyage of prosperity not dreamed of by the most visionary, nor anticipated by the most sanguine. [illegible]

D.

A Few of our Visitors.—Those who imagine that no persons call on an editor save those who do so to pay subscription, or transact some other legitimate printing-office business, are laboring under a very great delusion. On the contrary, but *few persons are more* constantly "bored," in this respect, than country editors. If any one doubts this, let him "read, ponder and digest" our experience on a certain day, not very long ago; and we may add that the character of our callers, at that time, was only a fair sample of our every day life.—In addition to those who called to see us on the day referred to, on business in which *we* felt an interest, there were quite a number of others, whose errands were developed as follows:

Time 8 a. m.—[*Enter tall man with a lean, oil-cloth carpet-sack in one hand and an umbrella in the other.*]

Tall Man—Is the editor in?

Editor—I suppose I am the person you are looking for.

Tall Man—I am a traveling jour. printer, and have come all the way from Illinois—most of the way on foot—and am going to Pittsburgh, where I expect to get work. I am out of money, and called to see if you wouldn't give me a lift.

Editor—Work is quite scarce here, just now, and money is tight. I can't help you much, but here is a half-dollar; it will get you your dinner.

Tall Man—Thank you, sir; I hope you will get your reward in Heaven. Good bye.—[*Exit.*

9 o'clock, a. m.—[*Enter hard-looking boy, aged about 18 years, carrying a seedy valise.*]

Boy—Are you boss here?

Editor—Yes, a kind of a "boss."

Boy—Dr. Levis, of Bridgewater, told me to call and see if you wouldn't take me into your office and learn me to be a printer; or, if you wouldn't do that, he thought you would give me some accounts to collect.

Editor—Where do you live when you are at home?

Boy—I have no home. I was born in Massachusetts, and have been peddling for the past four or five years. I got sick a while ago, and Dr. Levis doctored me and kept me two weeks; then he sent me up here to see if I couldn't get in with you till Spring.

Editor—I have no need of an apprentice now, nor do I want a collector at present.—*Exit boy.*

11 o'clock, a. m.—[*Enter good-looking man with glossy hair, and well filled traveling-bag.*]

Good Looking Man—You are the proprietor, I suppose?

Editor—Yes, sir.

Good Looking Man—I have the best hair invigorator here that is made in the United States. It will remove dandruff on the first application, and I will warrant it to cause bald places to coat over with hair in one month after its use is begun. If the hair is gray it will change it to a beautiful black; if it is red it will make it an auburn color, and cause it to become as soft as down. It is only one dollar per bottle, and every bottle is guaranteed to do precisely what I have stated.

Editor—It is probable your preparation for the hair is a good one, but I am glad to say I have no need of anything in that line.

Good Looking Man—Try [illegible] any way. If you do not need it now, you may want it after a while, or it may be some of your family would like to try it.

Editor—Our children all have fine heads of hair; and, indeed, so rapid is its growth that I pay out about one dollar per month to get it cut off and thrown away; and, as to the "other half of ourself," you know chignons are worn now, by *ladies,* in preference to natural hair.

Good Looking Man—Then you won't buy any to-day?

Editor—I believe not, sir.—[*Exit dandruff eradicator and hair sprouter.*

12 o'clock, m.—[*Enter slippery politician, looking as bland as a May morning.*]

Slippery Politician—How do you do? [*Shakes hands.*] I am glad to see you. How are the folks?

Editor—Quite well, I thank you. All well at your house?

S. P.—Yes, all well. How are you and Quay getting along now? Give him fits; he is a great trickster, and, as for Rutan, I have only to say he is a *great,* good and conscientious? man. I'll tell you, I haven't been taking the ARGUS, but I think I will after a while. I get the *Radical;* but, the way that happened was this way: They first sent it to me a year for *nothing,* then I thought it would be mean if I did not pay them for it the second year. But as soon as my year is out now I'll stop it, and I think I'll subscribe for the ARGUS then. By the way, I've some notion of coming out for ——, next year. I am very strongly urged by a number of prominent men to make the race, and, I tho't I'd call in to-day, and see what you tho't about it. I have no doubt but that I can make the nomination, if I try for it.

Editor—Indeed, I can't tell yet what your chances would be. The time for holding our primary meetings is so far in the future, and "white *man is so very* uncertain," that I could not tell you anything definite about it. You have, however, the right to be a candidate *for* that or any other office, you choose to apply for.

S. P.—Yes, that's true; but if I am a candidate can I count on *your* support for the nomination?

Editor—It is very early yet to talk of what is to be done on the 30th of next May, besides I never pledge myself to any candidate for the nomination. If Rutan is at home, you had better see him. He'll pledge, *sure.*

S. P.—Yes, I guess I'll *go* and see him. His office is in the Court House, I believe?

Editor—Yes, sir.

S. P.—Well, good bye, I'll call and see you again.—[*Exit slippery politician, looking anything but amiable.*]

1 o'clock p. m.—[*Enter tough looking customer with coat, pants and boots in a terribly dilapidated condition.*]

Tough Looking Customer—Is the Editor about?

Editor—Yes, sir. He's here.

T. L. C.—I am a jour printer, and have been out of work for six months. I started from Erie last Wednesday and for three nights I have slept in hay mows along the road; I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday morning, and I thought I'd call to see if I couldn't borrow a couple of dollars *from you to get* something to eat and pay my passage to Pittsburgh. I'll send the money back in a letter as soon as I get there. That's sure.

Editor—See here; that's *played out.* This is the third or fourth time you have been here within the last three years, and each time you had been hay-mowing it along the way, and doing without food long enough at a time to make you compare favorably with a full grown Ute Indian. The last time you called I invested 25 cents in you, and in an hour or two afterwards I saw you over in Rochester so drunk that you could hardly walk. I'll take no more stock in you, sir.

T. L. C.—Then you won't help me along?

Editor—No, sir.—[*Exit Tough Looking Customer, looking as if it would do him good to "reach" for us.*]

1½ o'clock p. m.—[*Enter well dressed Lady.*

Lady—Can I see the Editor for a moment?

Editor—Yes ma'am, "he stands before you."

Lady—I am canvassing for a book—a most excellent work by the way—and I called to see if I couldn't get *you* to subscribe for it. The price is only $3; and the money is not to be paid until the book is delivered.

Editor—Indeed madam, I have no time to read books, as it is. I have at least fifty volumes of miscellaneous books in the house now that are unread, simply *for the want of time.* Besides, Editors can get all the books they want for writing and publishing notices of them. I would like to hear of your success in Beaver, but really, madam, you will have to excuse *me.*

Lady—Buy one for your wife then, she will have time to read it and I know she will be delighted with it.

Editor—Her time is just about as much taken up with household duties as mine is with office-work. I'll tell you what I will do, though; *if you get us a Chinese* cook, and guarantee him *to stick for* one year, I'll buy a half-dozen books from you.

Lady—I see you don't want to buy a book. Where is the other printing office?

Editor—Down street in the "big brick."

—*Exit lady, a little riled.*

Time, 2 o'clock, p. m.—[*Enter an acquaintance, who is more successful in spending money than he is in making it.*]

Acq.—Fine morning.

Editor—Very fine, indeed.

Acq.—How are you getting along, any how?

Ed.—So, so; nothing to brag of, nor nor yet much to complain about.

Acquaintance—I am in need of a hundred dollars to-day, and I called to see if you wouldn't endorse my note in bank for that amount. You needn't be a bit afraid to do it; when the time comes round I will make it all right.

Editor—Indeed sir, I have made up my mind to do but little *endorsing* in the future. I narrowly escaped getting stuck only a short time ago while serving in that capacity, and besides that, out of about fourteen persons for whom I endorsed within the past year or so, nearly all of them have since turned up as my enemies. If endorsing has that effect, it strikes me, that the less I do of it the better.

Acq.—It won't make *me* your enemy, if you will do it.

Ed.—I dare say you think so now, but I believe I won't take the risk at present. I can put you in possession of a plan, however, that will get you an endorser immediately.

Acq.—How is that?

Ed.—Go down to the *Radical* office, and abuse the ARGUS like "*fury*" for a few minutes, and then ask Quay to go on your note. He'll do it right off, for any sum not exceeding $30,000.

Acq.—Humph! I wonder if Quay is at home?

Ed.—I think he is.

Acq.—I guess I'll go down and see him; I have some little business with him at any rate.—[*Exit Acquaintance looking glum at us, and making rapid strides toward the "big brick."*

2½ o'clock, p. m.—*Enter heavy set fellow, with a small bundle in his hand.*]

H. S. F.—You're the editor, I 'spose?

Ed.—Yes, sir. What can I do for you to-day?

H. S. F.—I'm a "jour. printer," and would like if you would help me a little. I haven't had anything to eat to-day, and I am as hungry as a saw-mill.

Ed.—You are the third or fourth "strapped" printer that has been here to-day. You fellows seem to be as thick as the "leaves of Vallombrosa," or words to that effect. I won't give you anything to-day, but if you go up stairs and work till six o'clock, I will pay you half-a-dollar for your work.

H. S. F.—That seems pretty hard, for I'd rather have gone straight to Pittsburgh; but, as you won't do anything better, I 'spose I'd better work a couple of hours, and get the money.—[*H. S. F. works two hours, gets his half-dollar and leaves town.*

[3 o'clock, p. m.—*Enter two grave looking ladies.*]

Ladies—Mr. Weyand, we are getting up a church festival in ——, and we will want some bills and tickets printed. As the object is a very worthy one, we thought we would ask you to do this much for it for nothing.

Ed.—Our rule is to do work of that kind at half price—we only want to make enough on the job to pay for the material used.

Ladies—Very well. We will send you what we want printed this *evening.*—[*Exit ladies.*

3½ o'clock p. m.—*Enter festive looking man with "shiney" hat and tight pants.*]

Festive Man—Is this Mr. Weyand?

Ed.—Yes, sir.

Festive Man—I live in ———. Mr. ——— has been telling a pack of lies on me, and my business has been injured by his stories. I have written a piece about it and want it printed in the ARGUS. I am obliged to do this to fix me up right again, and get my custom back.

Ed.—All right. Business notices cost ten cents per line. I see your piece contains 35 lines—this will make the bill $3,50.

Festive Man—What! charge for an article for your paper. I thought you were glad to get pieces like that. If you charge me for it I guess I'll not get it printed now. Why it wouldn't cost you anything to put it in your paper, and I've no doubt it will be the means of bringing you several new subscribers.

Ed.—That's very doubtful. Articles of that kind hardly ever help a paper much, and besides, as the "piece" is for your especial benefit, I think you ought to pay the regular price for its publication.

Festive Man—No, sir. I always tho't you published such things for nothing, and if you won't do it I'll take it home again.

Ed.—Very well; do so.—[*Exit festive man, not well pleased with his visit to the printing office.*

4 o'clock p. m.—[*Enter pale-faced cadaverous, intelligent looking man of about 25 years.*]

Ed.—Are you a "strapped printer?"

Pale-faced Man—I have the honor of belonging to that highly esteemed class of persons who are engaged in the "art preservative of arts," and I am sorry to add, my stamps have gone "where the woodbine twineth."

Ed.—For mercy's sake do not tarry here another moment. I am in a desperate frame of mind; my brain is on fire; my pockets and boots are filled with loaded revolvers, and it is possible I might attack you any minute; leave, Oh! leave, for fear I commit a crime which might haunt me while life lasts. Even now my hand grasps one of my trusty pistols and I cannot be responsible for consequences! Go, go, quick, quick.—[*Exit pale-faced man, looking as if a lunatic asylum, was about to rush after him—curtain drops for the day.*

From Our Paper.

The Claims of the Temperance Cause.

Next to the work of the church, in gathering souls to the fold of Christ, the writer knows of no other that has stronger claims on our time, our talents, our means, our very best and most earnest efforts than this: The evil with which we have to contend, is *so* gigantic in its proportions, so powerful in its character and combinations, so subtle and effective in its workings, that it demands the utmost energy of which we are capable, to counteract the deadly march. It is an evil that strikes at the very root of all happiness in this life, wherever it finds a lodgement, and more than that, entails a mortgage on the happiness of the life to come.

It is one of the most effective agents in all of Satan's Kingdom. It finds its way in the humble abode of the poor man, and destroys his ambition, hopes and aspirations; and equally true is it, that it is often amidst the rich. It stalks forth under cover of night, prompting men to deeds of violence and shame, and even death itself. It stalks abroad in our crowded thoroughfares at noonday unmasked. It posts itself with brazen face on change and in the marts of trade, bidding defiance to law, and order, and endeavoring to intimidate honest men who will not bend the knee at the shrine of Bacchus. It crowds itself into our Congressional and Legislative Halls, demanding audience. It creeps with stealthy tread up to the ear of the Judiciary, endeavoring to clog the wheels of justice.

It even bids defiance to the Law-giver and Judge of the universe, for it does not hesitate to snatch its victims, even from the sacred altar or the sacred desk. In fact, go where we may, and we shall find traces of its blighting power.

These are not pictures of fancy, they are facts, stubborn facts. We might rehearse the brief history of case after case that has come under our personal observation and knowledge, where young and old, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, have gone down to misery, degradation and even death itself, through the blighting effects of Intemperance. We might portray in glowing colors, pictures of homes laid waste, families forsaken, friends deserted, business neglected, and a hundred other things of kindred character; but these are facts patent to the careless observer, and need not be rehearsed.

There is no mistaking the character of the Temperance work. It is a work that appeals to every heart, A work in which no man need be ashamed to be engaged, however lofty his ambition, however high his social position, however great his intellect.

F. B.

Dec. 3rd, 1870.

The Soldiers' Entertainment.—The entertainment to be given by the soldiers of Beaver and vicinity, for the benefit of destitute soldiers and their families, will take place in the Court House on next Monday and Tuesday evenings. The persons who have the different acts in charge have taken considerable pains thus far to make the entertainment not only entertaining but instructive; and as the object is a worthy one it is to be hoped that the public generally, will be present on the occasion. The following is an outline of the scenes to be represented on the evenings referred to:

Grand Chorus of States.
Emigrant Groups.
Slave Auction.
Home scene in South Carolina.
Midnight Conspiracy.
Slaves running away—their capture and punishment.
Abolition Meeting in the North.
John Brown's Raid—his capture and execution.
Secession—firing on Fort Sumpter &c.
Tableaux—Broken Union.
President Lincoln's Proclamation calling for troops.
Camp scenes at Washington.
Battle of Bull Run.
Battle of Five Forks.
Liberty giving freedom to the Slaves.
Assassination of Lincoln.
Capture of Jeff. Davis.

The financial committee, on last Saturday evening fixed the admission fee at 25cts. for each evening. They also determined to issue no complimentary tickets. Performers, of course, are admitted without charge; as are also the wives and children of the soldiers who take part in the performances.

BY ORDER.

[*Radical please copy.*]

Another Brag Hog in Beaver.—On last Monday, Capt. D. M. Donehoo of Beaver, killed a hog of his own raising, which weighed, when dressed, 533 pounds. The borough of Beaver, thus far, surpasses the county in big hogs, this year.

"A Woman in the Case."—*The Paper,* of Pittsburgh, dated December 29th says:

A woman named Elisabeth Jordan, who came from Beaver county, and is stopping at a boarding house in the Ninth ward, came before Alderman Donaldson yesterday and charged a man named F. Boyd with disorderly conduct, alleging that the accused did grossly insult her. Boyd was arrested, but the woman declined to prosecute further, and he was released upon paying the costs.

Heavy Animals.—We noticed the arrival, at Pittsburgh, a few days ago, of a monster hog, from Hancock county, Ohio, which beats anything in the pork line, we have ever heard of. It weighed, undressed, 1,305 pounds, and is said to have been the heaviest porker ever brought to the smoky city.

An ox weighing 3,500 pounds is on exhibition in Lancaster. It was raised in that county. It stands a little over six feet from the hoof to the front shoulder, and measures eleven feet from the horns to the tail.

WE CALL the attention of our readers this week to the opening of the Seminary presided over by Prof. Taylor. We learn that Prof. Pouss formerly of Pittsburgh will be at the Seminary to give lessons on the guitar. This gentleman is at home with this instrument and has great skill in imparting a *knowledge of* it to others. Miss Neal will also be added to the Board of instruction for the purpose of initiating the young ladies into the *mysteries* of making Wax *Flowers and Fruits at* moderate charges. Classes in Astronomy and Chemistry with lectures and *experiments,* Mental Philosophy and elocution will be formed with others at the opening of the term. Both sexes are admitted.

The Holidays at the Phillipsburg Soldiers' Orphan School.—It was a privilege to spend Christmas at the above school, under the care of Rev W. G. Taylor. The occasion was no ordinary one, showing as it did the liberal and generous care that is taken of these Orphans. I have no doubt but what the great mass of children if they could have visited the school Christmas would have concluded that the lines had fallen in a pleasant place to these orphans and that they had a good inheritance.

Christmas morning Mr. Taylor distributed at his own expense a Christmas gift to each orphan and to all in connection with the institution amounting to $170.

A little after noon came a splendid dinner for orphans, employees and guests, consisting of turkeys, chickens, ducks, vegetables, cakes, dough nuts, mince pies and other variety, that was relished by all the company that showed a proper appreciation of the opportunity.

After dinner Prof. Taylor, at his own expense presented to the Orphan in each Sabbath class, that had memorized the most verses of Scripture, during the last three months, a most beautiful embossed diamond New Testament that contained a full analysis.

In the evening they had an exhibition consisting of original Essays, Declamations, Recitations, Tableaux, and vocal and instrumental music, all of which was highly creditable to the school and gratifying and entertaining to those that were present.

Every day of the week found an extra dinner and New Year's day wound up with an immense chicken pot-pie and an Exhibition in the evening. Of two things we are certain that providing entertainment and feasting *for* a week for one hundred and sev-enty persons leaves the pocket of the Principal considerably lighter, and finds those that had the care and labor rejoicing that the holidays are *over.* Beaver Co. has still reason to feel the highest confidence in the Soldiers' Orphan School and its Principal.

P.

An acceptable New Years Gift.—Samuel McManany Esq., of Economy township, brought us a New Year's present a *few* days ago in the shape of a half bushel basket filled with large Pippin apples. They were exceedingly easy to take. Mr. M., has our grateful thanks, and likewise our wish that his days may be long in the land.

PENMANSHIP.—Prof. J. W. Steele, the most successful teacher of Penmanship that has visited our place for many years, has been engaged to give daily lessons in that most important branch of education to the pupils of the Seminary, *without extra charge.* He will commence his lessons next week. Persons not connected with the school can have the benefit of these lessons at $5,00 for the session.

R. T. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.—Persons mailing letters are requested to purchase stamps and put them on.

All letters found in either of the letter boxes, without stamps will be disposed of as dead letters.

Stamps can *always* be obtained at the Post-office and *Moore's drug store.*

Box Rent and Paper Postage due, and if not paid, will be discontinued according to law.

M. A. McGAFFICK,
Postmaster.

FEMALE DISEASES.—At the present day it is extremely rare to find a female who is entirely free from some one or other of the diseases peculiar to her sex. Go where you will, on the mountain top or in the valley, in the hamlet or in the city, among the rich or the lowly, there will be found very few females who are not laboring under physical affliction peculiar to womanhood.

The cause of this we will not undertake to explain here. The numerous applications made to us for relief during our twenty year's practice, has long since induced us to make especial study and investigation of these diseases, and their best methods of cure. They are maladies of a peculiar character, and as a general thing they require a method of treatment entirely unlike that adopted for those common to both sexes. In *fact* the very frequency and extent of female diseases in our midst, is good evidence that the "common treatment" has not met with success, and shows that some more efficient course should be adopted.

We were long since convinced that local remedies and external appliances, bandages, &c., were mere palliatives for the time, and of no permanent value whatever, but oftimes injurious; and that an efficient course of medication was the only hope of cure.

For the benefit of those who may be afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex, whether from slight cold, followed by a derangement and irregularity of the general system, which many times produce cough, expectoration, tightness of chest, difficult breathing, palpitation, &c., with all the symptoms of "going into a decline," or from any of the very many other causes which produce such terrible suffering among women, as to make life a burden to them, we would say that our remedies are selected and prepared with a special view towards these ends, and will give relief in all these kinds of cases, without needless exposure to indelicate examinations, or the wearing of disagreeable instruments or cumbrous appliances.

We have cured hundreds—yes thousands—of cases by medical treatment alone, hundreds of whom we have never seen, but who only obtained their medicines after having sent to us their cases for examination.

Our remedies in these diseases are mild but effectual, and are such as we have found to act in conformity with the laws of nature in regulating health; and from the success which has almost invariably crowned our efforts in these cases, we can promise, and do promise a speedy cure in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

Send us a vial of morning urine by express and we can send you the necessary medicine.

Drs. L. & T. L. OLDSHUE,
132 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. M. A. Parkinson of Bloomingdale, Ohio, was recently a visitor to Beaver county, and on his return home, wrote the following to the Steubenville *Herald:*

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks since I revisited the adopted County of my boyhood—Beaver county, Pa., and having spent a few days in the old town of Beaver, and in that young and flourishing town of Beaver Falls, very pleasantly; and knowing that you and your readers, not only are interested in things at home, but abroad, I send you a few notes from these places, which may be news to many and may interest some.

The trip itself to Beaver from your city is a very *pleasant one.* I know of none more pleasant in this part of the country. The scenery is very fine; the road is in most excellent order, and then they have on their cars very gentlemanly officers and hands, which adds very much to the comfort of travelers. They might have a little better cars; I mean more roomy and better aired, which would add *very much to the comfort* of their passengers; but I always enjoy a trip on that road.

The town of Beaver is one of the oldest towns in Western Pennsylvania, and has a history of which its people may well be proud. It has a beautiful location, being on as fine a plateau of elevated bottom as is found on the Ohio river. It is surrounded with fine scenery, and is, in many ways, a healthy location.

But it is its moral, religious and educational character which commends it to the visitor, and makes it such a desirable home for those seeking a quiet life. There is but one house in the town noted as a resort for roughs or rowdies—the jail; and there are, even there, few such characters. Sobriety, temperance and morality characterize the people. There are church organizations of the leading denominations, with good houses of worship, and their respective pulpits are filled with worthy and earnest ministers.

The educational advantages of Beaver are very good; and this has induced many to make this their home, that they may avail themselves and their families of these advantages. Indeed, from these facts, Beaver has become quite a home for superannuated ministers, and those seeking retirement, so that it has obtained the name of "Saints' Rest."

There are two Female Seminaries, with good officers and teachers and deserving, as they have, a liberal patronage. Also, an Academy for young men, which has been in operation for near or quite fifty years; and which has on its roll of students the names of many respected in all the learned professions, and of whom it may well be proud. The Rev. Dr. Scott, *formerly of the old Grove Academy of* your city, and more recently President of Washington College, Pa., is now the Principal. And with the Doctor, with his many years' experience and his kind and genial manner, this school ought to succeed. To any young man wishing to go to an Academy, I would recommend none sooner. But, more anon, and in my next I shall say something about that growing *town* of Beaver Falls.

List of letters remaining in Beaver Post Office, January 1st, 1871:

James Bigram.
Mr. H. A. Baker.
Mr. James Bickerstaff.
Mr. Samuel Cookrin.
Miss Blanch Chapman.
Mr. A. F. Dening.
John B. Finley.
Miss Betty McCan.
Mr. Benjamin M'Clellan.
Mr. James Miller.
Parmella Morgan.
Miss Sue Robertson.
Miss Mary S. Ross.
Miss V. M. Reed.
W. H. Rambo, esq.
J. M. Rambo.
Wm. L. Reed, esq.
Mr. James C. Shader.
Mr. James Sayers, (2).
Mr. John N. Taggart.

M. A. McGAFFICK, P. M.

Stonerood's Cathartic Syrup, Used in all cases instead of PILLS, EPSOM SALTS, CASTOR OIL, &c. Highly flavored. Pleasant to take. Children like it. Price 50 cents. Wholesale, R. E. Sellers & Co., 45 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa. *For sale* at HUGO ANDRIESSEN'S Beaver Drug Store. jan4;1y

DIVORCES.—Absolute Divorces legally obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois, and other *States, for persons from any State or country,* non-*support, etc.,* sufficient cause; no publicity. No charge until divorce is obtained. Advice free.

Address, MOORE & RICHARDSON,
Counsellors at Law,
jan4;1y 180 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

New Advertisements.

$250 per Month. The best selling book ever published. AGENTS who sell our new work, **PLAIN HOME TALK AND MEDICAL COMMON SENSE,** have no competition. There never was a book published *like it.* Any body can sell it. Every body wants it. Many agents are now making from $100 to $250 per month *selling this* wonderful book. 24 pages Descriptive Circular sent free on application. We want good live Agents; men who can fully appreciate the merits of the work, and the fact that it meets a universal want. Agents who desire to do good as well as make money *Address,* WELLS & CO., jan4;3m] 432 Broome Street, New York.

Married.

WALLACE—WRIGHT.—On the 21st inst., by the Rev. J. M. Smith, Mr. T. H. Wallace and Mrs. A. R. Wright, both of Beaver county.

BRUCE—KEENAN.—In Beaver, Pa., Dec. 21, 1870, by Rev. James M. Shields, Mr. David M. Bruce of Smith's Ferry, Pa., and Miss Mary A. Keenan, of Bridgewater Pa.

McFALL—BROTHERS.—On the 29th of December 1870, at *Moravia, Pa.,* by the Rev. John H. Aughey, Mr. Charles McFall, *of New Castle,* to Miss Mattie L. Brothers, of the former place.

DIED.

GIBSON.—On the 27th of December, 1870, in Brighton township, Beaver County, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Mr. Sam'l M. Gibson, aged about 55 years.

New Advertisements.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his late residence in the borough of Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa. Consisting of

One Two-Story Brick House

with Dining-room and Kitchen attached; a good Cistern at the Kitchen door; Frame Stable, Wood House, Lumber-room and Chicken House; a Garden in a high state of cultivation, with Apple, Peach, Plum and Pear Trees; small fruit, such as Gooseberries, Currants and Raspberries; a Flower Garden and Summer House with one acre of ground more or less. The above will be sold at a great Bargain, and possession given on the first of April next. For terms apply to the subscriber at New Brighton, or Scudder H. Darragh near the premises. HIRAM STOWE.

jan4tf

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Will be offered at public sale on the premises on *Wednesday, January 18th, 1871,* That well-known real estate, situate in the borough of Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pa., late the property of John Ham, deceased. Consisting of about ten acres of choice land, on which is erected a large

Brick Dwelling House

forty feet by eighteen, with cellar underneath and brick Kitchen one and a half stories high attached. Also, a good Frame Stable. There is a well of water at the door, and a number of Fruit Trees on the lot.

This property is advantageously situated near the centre of the borough and having considerable frontage on Main street. Churches, Mills, and Schools, convenient. Title indisputable. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, a. m.

TERMS:—One-third of the purchase money in hand and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest from date of possession.

jan4;3w. W. H. FRAZER, Ex'r.

Notice in Partition.

IN the Orphans' Court of Allegheny County, Pa. No. 4, June Term, 1870. In the matter of the *Estate of Frederick Wendt, dec'd. Writ of Partition.* To Dominick G. Cunningham, Joseph D. Collingwood, Nancy Wendt, James Wendt, Harriet Wendt; Frederick Wendt, a minor, and who has no Guardian; Elvira Wendt, now intermarried with John W. Patterson, who is now deceased; Christian Wendt, James P. Wilson, Charles F. Williams, John H. Williams, Mary Williams, now intermarried with ——; Julia Jones, Mary Ann Jones, Nancy W. Sullivan, now intermarried with James P. Wilson; Frederick W. Sullivan; Henry A. Sullivan, John McKee, William McKee and Henry McKee, a lunatic, of whom M. L. Anglinbaugh is the committee:

You are hereby notified that an Inquisition will be held in pursuance of the above mentioned writ of Partition or Valuation, on the premises in the Borough of Birmingham, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, at Lot No. One, in the plan of the Birmingham Glass Company, in said writ mentioned, *On Friday, the 17th day of February, A. D.* 1871, at ten o'clock, a. m., to make partition to and among the heirs of said dec'd., in such manner and in such proportions as by the laws of this Commonwealth is directed, &c., at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.

HUGH S. FLEMING *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Pittsburgh, Dec. 22, 1870—jan4;3w

Bounty Fund Statement.

John Slentz, Treasurer of Ohio Township and Glasgow borough Bounty Fund .... DR.
Dec. 10, 1870, Am't rec'd. from Collector. [illegible]
CR. Dec. 10, 1870.
By cash paid on bonds........ [illegible]
By [illegible] publishing in 3 papers 18 00
By am't Treasurer's commission..... 8 06
By expense of carrying account to publishers, 2 times.............. 6 40
By am't pd joint Secretary's service 10 00
By amount paid Auditors......... 4 00
By balance in hands of Treasurer..... 9 86
[illegible]

We, the undersigned Auditors of Ohio township do certify that the above account is correct, to the best of our judgment and belief.

JAMES C. PLUMMER,
jan4;3w WILLIAM CHANEY, *Auditors.*

G. S. BARKER..F. A. BARKER..C. A. BARKER.

G. S. BARKER & Co., *New Brighton, Pa.*
AND
G. S. BARKER & CO., *Beaver Falls, Pa.*

BANKERS,

Dealers in Exchange, Coin, Coupons, &c. &c.—Collections made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada. Accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Individuals, solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits.—Correspondence will receive prompt attention. [dec3;1y

BUYERS

LOOK HERE.

The Undersigned Has Just Opened
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

DRY-GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Notions, Queensware, Glass, Nails, Lamp Oil, Table Cutlery,

GROCERIES:
PROVISIONS, &c.,

On the corner of Bridge and Market Streets,

Bridgewater, Pa.

Having had considerable experience in the

Mercantile Business,

He Flatters Himself that his

Selection of Goods

And His Prices

Will Prove Satisfactory to the Public Generally.

THE PATRONAGE OF HIS OLD PATRONS, AND ALL OTHERS,

Is respectfully Solicited.

A. S. HARVEY.

dec21;tf

The Nursery,

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers.

Prospectus for 1871.

"THE NURSERY," now in its fifth year, presents in the pictures and letter-press of the last twelve numbers, a proof of the fulfilment of the promises of its last prospectus, and an earnest of what it will do the coming year. In its ILLUSTRATIONS it has been, and will continue to be, unequalled by any juvenile magazine. It will contain many original designs by American artists; while, through

Our Special Agent in Europe,

we shall get all that is freshest and best by those foreign masters who excel in sketches of child-life.

Of the carefully-prepared contents of "The Nursery," which have won for it the commendation of so many intelligent parents and guardians, as the BEST MAGAZINE ever published for YOUNG CHILDREN, we will only say that we shall not only have the continued aid of our former contributors—*Marian Douglas, Uncle Charles, Aunt Clara, Alfred Selwyn, Mary N. Prescott, Trottie's Aunt, Ida Fay, Emily Carter, Jane Oliver, &c.*—but we shall introduce some new and ingenious writers whose acquaintance our readers, both young and old, will be pleased to make. No family in which the mental wants of children are cared for should be without

The Nursery,

as it is the best of all aids in teaching to read; inspiring a taste for letters and art, and filling the young memory with correct forms of speech.

☞ Subscriptions may begin with any number. Back numbers can be always supplied. *Now is the best time to subscribe.*

TERMS: $1.50 a year, in advance.

Published by JOHN L. SHOREY,
dec21;3w 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

Palace and Hovel;

OR,

Phases of London Life.

BY D. J. KIRWAN, the well-known journalist.

The Very Largest Commissions Paid.

This book is a beautiful Octavo of 664 pages, embellished with 200 engravings, and a finely executed map of London, designed and executed expressly for this work by eminent artists. It contains a full, graphic, and truthful statement of the Sights, Secrets, and Sensations of the great Metropolis of the World. Its pictures are from Real Life, and yet so weird and romantic that it almost challenges one's credulity. It displays in bold relief the appalling misery of the poor, and the reckless luxury of the rich. The most saleable book in market. Circulars and sample pages sent free. Address,

BELKNAP & BLISS,
tf *Hartford, Conn.*

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY Virtue of an Order of the Orphan's Court of the County of Beaver, the undersigned Guardian of the minor children of Wm. H. McGaffick, late of said county, dec'd, will expose to public vendue or outcry on the premises, on

Saturday, January 21st, 1871,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., all the interest of said minors of in and to the following parcel or lot of ground (being the undivided one-half thereof) situate in the borough of Beaver, in said county, being the southern half of lot No. 142 in the general plan of lots in said borough, bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at the corner of Market and Fourth streets, thence by said Fourth street 120 feet to lot No. 141; thence by line of said lot No. 141 one hundred and fifty feet; thence by other half of said lot No. 142, one hundred and twenty feet to Market street aforesaid; thence by said street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Upon which is erected

A Good Two-Story Frame House,

Stable, Brick Smoke-House, and other out-buildings. A number of Fruit Trees on the premises.

TERMS:—One-third of purchase money in hand on confirmation of sale by the Court; and the balance in two equal annual instalments with interest thereon from the date of said confirmation.—Deferred instalments to be secured by bond and mortgage; the purchaser paying the expenses of preparing deed, bond and mortgage, and stamping the same.

JOHN H. SLENTZ, Guard'n.
dec21;3w

☞ Blank Notes for sale at the ARGUS office.

Sewing Machines.

PRICE ONLY $40!

We are now able to offer to the Public

A FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINE

of Superior Style of Finish,

Embracing all the latest Improvements

found in Europe and America, at a Price

Quite within the reach of every Household in the Land.

UNSOLICITED.

The undersigned members of the Sewing Society for the benefit of the M. E. Church, Beaver, having used the WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE in use for some time, take pleasure in stating that, for simplicity of construction, durability, ease of operation, speed and beauty of performance, we believe it is not surpassed by any Machine in the market.

Mrs. J. F. Dravo, *Pres't.*
Miss M. A. Getsinbanner,
Vice Pres.
Mrs. M. Phillips, *Treas.*
Mrs. Prof. R. T. Taylor.
Mrs. Rev. J. H. Miller.
Mrs. Rev. W. H. Locke.
Mrs. Rev. F. D. Fast.
Mrs. Dr. McNutt.
Mrs. A. Barden.
Mrs. William Kramer.
Mrs. Senator J. S. Rutan.
Mrs. A. M. Atkinson.
Mrs. M. Dawson.
Mrs. J. R. Butler.
Mrs. H. W. Dickey.
Mrs. Esq. R. Taylor.
Mrs. H. A. Wharton.
Mrs. Agnes Johnston.
Miss H. M. Lyon.
Miss Electa Allison.
Mrs. Lou. C. Wilson.
Mrs. Andrew White.

Mrs. J. WEYAND, *Sec'y.*

Office and Sales Room, 3 Third St., Beaver, Pa.
S. J. ANDERSON, *Agent.*

Singer Sewing Machine.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,

The most perfect and simple machines of the kind ever invented.

Both of the above popular machines have been lately improved until they stand without a rival.

Price of the SINGER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE from $65.00 upwards.

Price of HINKLEY'S KNITTER $30.

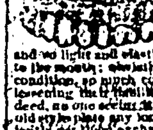
Circulars and samples mailed free on application.

STRAW & MORTON,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.

Agents wanted for the Hinkley Machine everywhere, and for the Singer in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Va., where there are none already established.

nov2;1y.

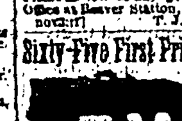
ARTIFICIAL TEETH PERFECTED!—T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER have purchased the exclusive right of Beaver county to use *Dr. Stuck's Patent* by which they can put up Vulcanite as thin as Gold Plate, with a beautiful enameled polish;



and so light and elastic as to perfectly adapt itself to the mouth; obviating all that clumsy and bulky condition, so much complained of *heretofore,* and lessening their liability to break 100 *per cent.* Indeed, no one seems to would be willing to wear the old style plate any longer than they could conveniently get them exchanged. All branches of Dentistry performed in the best and most substantial manner. In filling teeth with gold, etc., we challenge competition from any quarter, and can refer to living subjects whose fillings have stood between thirty and forty years. Among the number Hon. John Allison, will exhibit fillings we inserted some 35 *years ago;* the teeth as perfect as the day they were filled. Laughing Gas prepared on a new plan, freeing it from all unpleasant and dangerous effects, making the extraction of teeth a source of pleasure rather than of horror and pain. *Prices as low as any good dentist in the State.* Office at Beaver Station, Rochester Pa.

nov23;1y T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER.

Sixty-Five First Prize Medals Awarded.



THE GREAT

Baltimore Piano Manufactory

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

These Instruments have been before the public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained an *unpurchased pre-eminence* which pronounces them unequalled. Their

TONE

combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, *as well as* great purity of intonation, and sweetness throughout the entire scale. Their

TOUCH

is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos.

In Workmanship

they are unequalled, using none but the very best SEASONED MATERIAL, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

☞ All our SQUARE PIANOS have our New Improved Over Strung Scale and the *Agraffe Treble.*

☞ We would call special attention to our late improvements in GRAND PIANOS and SQUARE GRANDS, PATENTED AUG. 14, 1866, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

☞ We have made arrangements for the *Sole Wholesale Agency* for the most Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS, which we offer Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
sept28;6m] *Baltimore, Md.*

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ETC.

No medicine or treatment can excel the powerful curative power of

DR. SIMMS'

White Pulmonic Balsam.

It cures with a rapidity unequalled by any other remedy offered for Throat and Lung diseases. It is recommended by over 3,000 persons in Wilmington, and hundreds in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities and communities throughout the country. Mr. Pennington, of Wilmington, Illinois, writes that there is not (with a few exceptions) a family in that city who will be without it if possible to procure it. Such is its popularity wherever it is known—and this popularity arises from the fact that it universally cures all who use it. There is no case of COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, BLOOD SPITTING, HOARSENESS, and even PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, where the system is not broken down with the weak of the disease, or pretended medicine, or inexperienced advice, that this Balsam will not cure if carefully used according to directions. We guarantee it all we represent it to be, and invite a trial from the afflicted everywhere. Price 50 cents, medium size, and $1 for large sized bottles. Prepared only by

J. H. SIMMS, M. D.,
PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMIST,
No. 707 Market St.,
WILMINGTON, Del.

Philadelphia depot, Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch Street.
Baltimore depot, S. S. Hance, 108 Baltimore St.
For sale by Medicine Dealers generally.
june15;70;1y

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less exercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES,

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found
In a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.

jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

MEYRAN & SIEDLE,

Successors to

REINEMAN, MEYRAN & SIEDLE,

No. 42 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS,

And dealers in

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND SILVER PLATED WARE.

Agency for all the best makes of

AMERICAN WATCHES,

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

Special attention paid to the repairing and adjusting of

FINE WATCHES.

oct5;70-1y.

RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.

[Mark Twain, in the Galaxy.]

A few months ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Steward L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman, on an independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers that if they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret, there was a muddy under-current of discomfort "riling" the depths of my happiness—and that was, the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with such people. I grew more disturbed. Finally I wrote to my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said;

You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to a level and enter a public canvass with them.

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night, But after all I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listfully over the papers at breakfast I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I was never so confounded before:

PERJURY.—Perhaps now that Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of purjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochin China, in 1863, the intent of which purjury was to rob a poor native widow and her helpless family of a meager plantain patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffurage he asks, to clear the matter up. Will he do it?

I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel, heartless charge—I never had seen Cochin China! I never had heard of Wakawak! I didn't know a plantain patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless, I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more:

SIGNIFICANT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochin China perjury.

[*Mem.*—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as "the infamous perjurer, Twain."]

Next come the *Gazette*, with this:

"WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor design to explain to certain of his fellow citizens (who are suffered to vote for him!) the little circumstances of his cabin-mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his trunk, (newspaper he rolled his traps in,) they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent *vacuum* in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will this do?"

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life.

After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana thief."

I got to picking up papers apprehensively—much as I would lift a desired blanket which I had some idea might have a rattlesnake under it. One day this met my eye:

"The lie Nailed!—By the sworn affidavit of Michal O'Flanagan, esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burns and Mr. John Allen, of Water Street, it is established that Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard bearer, John J. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery is a brutal and gratuitous lie without a single shadow or foundation in fact. It is disheartening to virtuous men to see such shameful means restored to, to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves and defiling their honored names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outraged and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengeance upon the traducer. But no—let us leave him to the agony of a lacerating conscience—(though if passion should get the better of the public and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrators of the deed.)"

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with dispatch that night, and out of the back door, also, while the "outraged and insulted public" surged in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the Book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman's grandmother. More—I never even heard of him or mentioned him up to that date.

[I will state in passing, that the journal above quoted always referred to me afterward as "Twain, the body snatcher."]

The newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following,

"A SWEET CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the independents last night didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and had his leg broken in two places—suffering, lying in great agony, and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretend that they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominated as their standard bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last. This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands in thunder tones: 'Who was that man.'"

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself dubbed, "Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the end.]

By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common.

"How about the old woman you kicked off your premesis which was begin,
POL PRY."

And this:

"There is things which you have done which is unbeknowns to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dollars to yours truly, or you'll hear through the papers from.
HANDY ANDY."

That is about the idea. I could continue them until the reader was surfeited.

Shortly the principle Republican journal convicted me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper nailed an aggravating case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: "Twain the filthy corruptionist, and "Twain the lothesome embraces."]

By this time there had grown to be such a clamor for an "answer to all" the dreadful charges that were laid to me, that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for me to remain silent any longer. As if to make their appeal the more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the next day:

"Behold the man!—The Independent candidate still maintaining silence because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proven, and they have been endorsed and reendorsed by his own eloquent silence, till at this day he stands forever convicted. Look upon your candidate, independents! Look upon the Infamous Perjurer! The Montana Thief! The Body Snatcher! Contemplate incarnate delirium Tremens! Your Fifty Corruptionist! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest vote to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them."

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges and mean wicked falsehoods.

But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On the top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last as a due fitting climax to the shameless persecution that party rancor had inflicted upon me, nine little children of all shades of color and degrees of raggedness, were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call PA!

I gave it up. I hauled down my colors and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it.

"Truly yours, once a decent man, now, Mark Twain, I. P., M. T., B. S., D. T., F. C. and L. E."

SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.

The Case of Mrs. Timby, of Van Port, Beaver County—She Refuses to Return Until Married to Mr. Timby—His Honor the Mayor Effects a Reconciliation by Uniting them in Wedlock a Second Time.

We have frequently alluded to the Timby case, namely, the dissappearance from Van Port, Beaver county, about a month or more since, of Mrs. Mary Matilda Timby, under circumstances which led the husband to suppose her insane. We have also referred to the search instituted for her discovery, and how, after it had been abandoned, the whereabouts of Mrs. Timby was discovered on Tuesday and word sent to her husband. Yesterday the gentleman arrived from Van Port, and his presence in the city gave rise to a singular circumstance. He called upon his wife for the avowed purpose of taking her home, but she positively refused to go with him, until she was legally married. Mr. Fleming, the grocer, corner of Chatham and Wylie streets, in whose house Mrs. Timby has been stopping for the past week, called at the Mayor's office, in company with Mr. Timby, and stated that when Mrs. Timby came there three weeks ago, she related a story to the effect that she had escaped from a man who wanted to compel her to live with him without being married. He sympathized, yea, even pitied her on account of her dejected and forlorn appearance, and determined to shelter her until more could be ascertained concerning her relatives. He corroborated Mr. Timby's statement about the refusal of the wife to go back until she was married, whereupon His Honor told Mr. Fleming to go and bring her down to the office. He did so, and the Mayor, after conversing for about twenty minutes with the woman, concluded that there was no alternative left but to marry them. Mr. Timby stated that he had spent nearly all the money he possessed in hunting up his wife, and as there were five little children alone at their home at Van Port, it was necessary that something be immediately done to effect a reconciliation. He stated that they had been married by a Presbyterian minister in Butler county, twelve years since, and had lived in perfect happiness until within three months. At that time Mrs. Timby became converted, and she immediately afterward conceived the idea that she was not legally married to Timby; she believed there had been a job put up on her, and this thought so preyed upon her mind as to eventually cause her to refuse to cohabit with Timby. He endeavored to dissuade her from so acting, but the hallucination got such a hold upon her as to prevent a change of action. For two months she continued to refuse, and on the night on which she escaped Timby forced the door of a room which she had barred and she jumped from the window to free herself of him.

Mrs. Timby as we have stated, appeared perfectly rational, and on authority of His Honor, the Mayor, we may state that he failed to discover any traces of insanity in her conduct while in his presence. She maintained that she had never been married to Timby, and asserted her positive determination not to return to Van Port until properly married to him.

Discovering that reasoning was useless, the Mayor, at the instigation of Mr. Timby, who saw that he must get back to Van Port before night, in order that the little children might not be left alone during the night, prepared to marry them, and, in his usual bland and dignified manner, pronounced them man and wife. She gave her maiden name as Mary Matilda Riggs, and had it inserted as such in the certificate which Clerk Patterson immediately handed her. She rolled it up and took possession of the same, remarking that she would hold it as long as she lived. She congratulated herself in being in possession of the documentary evidence to hereafter disarm all suspicions of her being the lawful wife of Timby. Indeed, she remarked that she could now tell everybody that she was really Timby's wife. She appeared to be in her happiest mood, and at no time did she appear more rational than when she left the office to go to the train soon to start for Van Port, which the couple did very shortly after the ceremony was performed. Thus ends for the present, a case fraught with very singular circumstances.

Mr. Timby is a man of about fifty-four years of age, and Mrs. Timby is a little over thirty-three. The husband, as stated, resides at Van Port, Beaver county, and it appears can and does make a good living for his family by manufacturing and selling a certain kind of liniment. Their family relations have all been of a most affectionate nature, and, untill she was seized with the hallucination that they were not married, not a ripple occurred to mar their happiness. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Mrs. Timby, who is now certainly married to Timby, will become reconciled and thus restore to Timby the peace of mind he once enjoyed.—*Pitts. Commercial Dec. 15.*

COON HUNT IN KENTUCKY,

Jumping into the wagon of a farmer, we rattled over the pike to the picturesque cottage of a friend, embowered amid lofty hills and girded by the placid waters of the famous Kentucky. The sun had just hid his face in the west and the light shadows were growing apace, casting long arms over the valley and across the water, when we alighted at the door of our cordial host, whose chubby face and adipose limbs betokened that life dealt lightly with him. Such a face, too, characteristic of humor and jollity, broad as the town clock, and his abdomen measuring, "six foot one way, five foot t'other," and a prepetual smile lurking on his lips.

"Well, we had determined on a programme for the night that would have put spirits into a good member of Good Templars, and raised a yell of delight from a Digger Indian—nothing less than a coon hunt, with Laub, Fifer, Belle and Prince ringing music out of the woods striking terror to the souls of the wild "varmints." Who that has the spirit of a Kentuckian in him but has felt his blood warm, and his nerves vibrate in reading the story of the coon chase, the "tally ho!" the trail, the striking of the grizzly brindled animals, the pursuit, the cutting of the tree, the crash, the leaping of the dogs into the bush, the fight, the yells, the growls and scratching, the final death cry of the game little animal, and the boast of the boys how Loub "grabbled him," how Belle "had him by the throat," how Prince "made him yell."

All these we had in anticipation as we called the dogs around us after a hearty supper, and prepared for the hunt. There was Loub, a large dun-colored hound, with sharp nose and clean limbs, a quick, crisp, voice and a sure scent that was certain to keep the trail, and very reliable. When Loub spoke, something was about. She never spoke in jest. By her side was Fifer, a hound with black coat yellow limbs, a voice that was round and full as the notes of a base drum, and made sweeter music than the call of the bugle. He was not sure, had a habit of chasing opossums, rabbits, and foxes, but in the "coon fight" he was always there. To complete the quarto were Prince and Belle, two nimble terriers with sharp teeth and desperate courage, not much on the trail, but famous for having vanquished in fair battle the biggest coon ever seen in "Shatfall's neck o' woods." Three contrabands of mature age and experienced in all the details and minutia of woodcraft—one especially noted for never refusing to ascend the tallest tree—were added to the party, and, with a lantern, a pair of telegraph climbers and matches, we were equipped for the start. The moon hung low in the west, with its crescent gleaming on the hills and failing to penetrate the deep shadows of the hollows.

Arrived on the hunting ground we turned sharply up a jagged, rough hollow, through the base of which rippled the Richardson's Branch. The dogs were held to the front and qickly disappeared in the darkness. Stumbling over rocks and logs, thro' bushes and brakes, we made slow headway for half a mile or more, ere the first sound of the chase broke upon the night air. Then, round and full, far upon the cliff to the left, sounded Fifer's deep voice.

"Hi, boy; hunt 'im fellow!" yelled our adipose comrade.

Then we waited to hear the sharp responses of Loub. Several minutes passed in profound silence. Then again broke out the bass yell of Fifer.

"Dat dog fooling' us. He is after nuffen but a buck rabbit" ejaculated a contriband whom we shall call Josh.

Dat's so; old Loub ain't spoke yet. She knows ain't nuffen' dar wuth catchin'" said a darkey noted as Yellow Sam.

As Loub kept silence, we concluded that the chase was not yet ripe. Most likely Fifer was nosing a rabbit or developing a cold fox trail. Resuming progress, we traveled another half mile without having a warning cry from the dogs, telling that the game had broke cover and was making for a safe retreat. The ground was growing rougher, more wild, and the sombre hills lifted their shaggy tops high on either side. We sat down on the bank of a little stream and concluded to give the dogs time to scour the vicinity. The hooting of an owl on a dead branch of a neighboring tree companioned well the loneliness of the spot and the darkness that clung over it, pierced only by the stars above, and the flickering rays of the lantern at hand.

"Dar now! Hear dat! suddenly exclaimed one of the darkies.

The sharp bark of the dog could be faintly detected, though, as it seemed, at a great distance, almost out of hearing.

"Don't ye hear ole Loub? She's treed a coon, shure, Yer can trust dat dog all de time, an' he'll neber tole you a lie," exclaimed the enthusiastic contraband.

The distance was so great and the yelp of the dog so obstructed by the hills that some trouble was experienced at first in locating the direction from which the sound came. Leaping to our feet and straining every faculty of hearing, we were finally convinced it was up the ravine to the front. Then began the scramble over rocks, bushes, briars, into gullies, over narrow ledges, up steep banks and through pools of water in the exciting chase. Onward we went at a rapid pace, every moment hearing the quick yelps of Loub growing nearer and louder and more musical at ever step. The blood coursed thro' the veins swiftly, the pulse beat faster, and we cheered with louder voices as it became more and more evident from the round notes of Loub that she had treed some "varmint" of the four-footed species. Then came the vigorous yelps of Fifer, as he joined his mate and sent up his echoing cry. Turning a sharp point, bursting through a clump of grapevines and saplings, and climbing the sharp side of a hill, we came upon the half frantic dogs at the foot of a tall, but rather slender ash tree. The bark had been half stripped from the roots by the teeth of the hounds that seemed to thus vent their rage toward their nimble enemy whose sharp claws had conveyed him out of their reach. The vicinity was strong with undergrowth of hickory saplings, grapevines and oak bushes. Whatever animal might be in the tree above was concealed by the bushy top, the shadows of which were only here and there pierced by the starlight.

Without hesitation, the climbing George attacked the tree and went up like a squirrel. The dogs hushed their yelps and stood eagerly gazing upward. We stationed ourselves around the tree at different points, ready to pursue the chase when the animal should leap out. Up and up went the climber, until he seemed really small and almost hid. The top of the tree began to sway with the new and unusual weight.

"Da he is! I see him! O, yer gray headed old coon! I know yer! Ya, ya, ya! Why up in de top, like yer spec as we couldn't find yer. Bress yer heart, honey, we done come arter yer. Dey waitin' for yer below dar." With such ejaculations, the contraband, who had discovered the coon in the top branches, began to shake him loose.

"Look out down dar! He mos' loose somethin' drap d'rectly, and den skeedadle. O, yer an old pisen critter; dem dogs taken yer picture for to carry home! Da he come."

A black spot suddenly darkened the air, a whizzing rush; then a thud on the ground; and, with wild yells, mingled with the yelps of the dogs, we made for the place where the coon had fallen. He had gathered himself up and made off through the bushes, with the dogs in hot pursuit. Back and forth for a few moments the chase led, when finding that he was in close quarters, the coon again treed in a tall oak. Up again went his pursuer to the top, where he found him nestled in the branches. Again he shook him out. Hardly had his coonship touched the earth when Loub was upon him, grasping him by the back. The other dogs rushed in, and then the fight!

Through the bushes, down the hill, over the logs and through the weeds, in the fence corners and out again, fought and growled scratched and yelled the coon and the dogs, while we made the air vocal with words of encouragement and wild excitement. the coon was true grit, a fifteen pounder and tough as leather.

"Hole him Loub! Shake him old gal!" shouted the delighted darkey Josh.

"Catch him by the ears, Fifer. Make him into sasiges meat!" yelled Yellow Sam.

"Hooray! Dat's it, dat terrier know what he's about. Jes' hear him tar de ribs," said the third contraband.

"Walk into him, boys! Talk to him. Look at them terriers; ain't they some on a coon fight?" fairly screamed my adipose companion, whose globular body was bouncing like a gum ball all around the ring.

We of course, merely looked on. We did't say anything oh no!

For full ten minutes the tearing fight went on. The coon had the odds against him, but he was game to the end. The yells, the howls, the confusion, the frantic struggle; and the smashing of bushes and briars were awful; but finally tenacity and courage gave away, and that ole coon was laid out. The hunt was over and victory perched on our banners.

New Use for Balloons.

Mr. Ferguson, of Front street, goes home drunk for the fortieth time, and his wife holds up her hands with vexation and indignation.

"Don' sa'er word, 'Liza (hic)—don' sa'er word! I'm goin' to buy a balloon (hic) b'loon."

"What on earth are you going to buy a balloon for, Mr. Ferguson?"

"I'll tell you (hic) 'Liza. Y'see they've gossomany (hic,) got s'many rum shops 'long Mon'gomery street, a feller can't get home without gettin' drunk. I can get 'way with a balloon (hic) you know. You can come to the store an' blow it up, an' (hic)—an' then you won't have to blow me up."

—Mr. Joel Walker and Mrs. Mary Walker, of Colerain township, Belmont county, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Monday, the 12th inst. They have eight children living and all married but one; also nineteen grand children. May they live to celebrate their Diamond wedding.

New Advertisements.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
1871.

Through struggle and suffering, at the cost of multiform agonies, bereavements, devastations, the American Idea embodied in the preamble to our fathers' Declaration of Independence approaches its complete realization. The noble, inspiring assertion that "all men are created equal," and endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is no longer a glittering generality, a poet's fancy, a philosopher's speculation, but the recognized base of our political fabric. The benign Revolution, which dates from the Boston Massacre of 1770, finds its logical completion, just one century later, in the XVth Amendment, which gives to the equal political and civil rights of every man born or naturalized in our Republic the shield and defense of the Federal Constitution. The billows of Caste and Privilege may roar and rage around that rock, and may transiently seem on the point of washing it away; but its foundations are deep-laid and steadfast, and the breakers of Reaction and Slavery are hurled against and dash their their spray over it in vain.

We do not underrate the forces of Prejudice and Aristocracy. We do not forget that a very large minority of the American People still hold in their inmost hearts that Blacks have no rights which Whites are bound to respect. We fully appreciate the desperation wherewith all the warring elements of hatred to Republican achievement will be combined and hurled against the battlements of Republican ascendency in the Presidential Election of 1872. We do not doubt that local successes, facilitated by Republican feuds and dissensions, will inspire the charging host with a sanguine hope of victory, such as nerved it to put forth its utmost strength in the earlier stages of the contest of 1864 and 1868. Yet our faith is clear and strong that the American People still bless God that, on the red battle-fields of our late Civil War, the Union was upheld and Slavery destroyed, and will never consciously decide that the precious blood thereon poured out was in vain.

THE TRIBUNE believes in the prosecution of the great struggle by legitimate means to beneficent ends. To State Sovereignty, it opposes indissoluble National Integrity; to Slavery for Blacks, Liberty for All; to Proscription, Enfranchisement; to Popular Ignorance, Universal Education; to intensity and eternity of wrathful Hate, universal and invincible Good Will. It would fain do its utmost to hasten the glad day when the South shall vie with the North in exultation and gratitude over the disappearance of the last trace or taint of that spirit which impelled Man to exult in the ownership and chattelhood of his fellow Man.

Profoundly do we realize that the contest is not yet ended—that Millions mourn, more or less publicly, the downfall of the slaveholders' Confederacy, and rear their children to hate those by whose valor and constancy its overthrow was achieved. If we ever seem to differ essentially from other Republicans, our conviction that magnanimity is never weakness, that vengeance is never politic, and that devils are not cast out by Beelzebub, must serve to explain alleged eccentricities whose perfect vindication we leave to Time and Reflection.

THE TRIBUNE has been, is, and must be, a zealous advocate of Protection to Home Industry. Regarding habitual idleness as the greatest foe to human progress, the bane of human happiness, we seek to win our countrymen in masses from the ensnaring lures of Speculation, of Traffic, and of always over-crowded Professions, to the tranquil paths of Productive Industry. We would gladly deplete our overcrowded cities, where thousands vainly jostle and crowd in misguided quest of "Something to Do," to cover prairies and plains with colonies absorbed in Agriculture, Mechanics and Manufactures, and constantly projecting into the blank, void wilderness the homes and the works of civilized Man. Holding the Protection of Home Industry by discriminating duties on imported Wares on Fabrics essential to the rapid, beneficent diffusion of Production in all its phases and departments, and so to the instruction of our people in all the gainful arts of Peace, we urge our countrymen to adhere to and uphold that policy, in undoubting faith that the true interest, not of a class or a section, but of each section and every useful class, is thereby subserved and promoted.

THE TRIBUNE aims to be preeminently a *Newspaper*. Its correspondents traverse every State, are present on every battle-field, are early advised of every notable Cabinet decision, observe the proceedings of Congress, of Legislatures, and of Conventions, and report to us by telegraph all that seems of general interest. We have paid for one day's momentous advices from Europe by Cable far more than our entire receipts for the issue in which those advices reached our readers. If lavish outlay, unsleeping vigilance, and unbounded faith in the liberality and discernment of the reading public, will enable us to make a journal which has no superior in the accuracy, variety, and freshness of its contents, *The Tribune* shall be such a journal.

To Agricultural and the subservient arts, we have devoted, and shall persistently devote, more means and space than any of our rivals. We aim to make *The Weekly Tribune* such a paper as no farmer can afford to do without, however widely his politics may differ from ours. Our reports of the Cattle, Horse, Produce, and General Markets, are so full and accurate, our essays in elucidation of the farmer's calling, and our regular reports of the Farmers' Club and kindred gatherings, are so interesting, that the poorest farmer will find therein a mine of suggestion and counsel, of which he cannot remain ignorant without positive and serious loss. We sell *The Weekly* to Clubs for less than its value in dwellings for waste-paper; and, though its subscription is already very large, we believe that a Half Million more farmers will take it whenever it shall be commended to their attention. We ask our friends everywhere to aid us in so commending it.

TERMS:

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $10 per annum.
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $4 per annum. Five copies or over, $3 each; an extra copy will be sent for every club of ten sent for at one time; or, if preferred, a copy of Recollecteons of a Busy Life, by Mr. Greeley.

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To Mail Subscribers:

One Copy, one year, 52 issues..........$2.
Five Copies, one year, 52 issues.......... 6.

To ONE ADDRESS, all at one Post-Office.	To Subscribers, all at one Post-Office.
10 Copies.... $1 50 each.	10 Copies.... $1.60 each
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And One Extra Copy to each Club.	And One Extra Copy to each Club.

Persons entitled to an extra copy can, if preferred, have either of the following books, postage prepaid: Political Economy, by Horace Greeley; Pear Culture for Profit, by P. T. Quinn; The Elements of Agriculture, by Geo. E. Waring.

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DAILY TRIBUNE, 30c., 40c., 50c., 75c., and $1 per line.
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According to position in the paper.

To subscribers wishing to preserve Mr. Greeley's essays on, "*What I Know of Farming*," and who pay the full price, *i. e.*, $10 for DAILY, $4 for SEMI-WEEKLY, or $2 for WEEKLY TRIBUNE, we will send the book, post-paid, *if request be made at the time of subscribing.*

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The Tribune Almanac. Price 20 cents.
Tribune Almanac Reprint. 1838 to 1868. 2 vols. Half bound, $10.
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In making remittances always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post-Office Money Order*, if possible. Where nither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a registered letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

Term, cash in advance.
Address THE TRIBUNE, New York.

Dry Goods.

Reduced Prices!

Speyerer & Sons

Have just Returned from the East

WITH A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

Bought at the

Lowest Cash Prices,

And will sell some Goods

AS LOW AS BEFORE THE WAR!

Consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rope, Ocum, Packing Yarn, Iron, Nails, Paints, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Queensware, Willow-ware, Flour. Feed, Grain and Bacon, a variety of Prints, Muslins, Tickings, Delains, Checks, Alpacas, Jeans, Dimms, Crash and Hosiery; also, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Carbon Oil, 200 *bbls. of the Celebrated Canton City*

AND NEW-CREEK FLOUR,

Just arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail,

At Pittsburg Prices.

200 Kegs Wheeling Nails:

ONE CAR WHITE LIME;

Land Plaster, and Akron Cement;

A Large Stock of

White Lead and Paints.

A very superior quality of Strumz & Wetzel's Soaps; and a lot of Carbon Oil

Just Arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail.

ALSO, PURE CATAWBA, ISABELLA

—and—

Concord Wines,

Of our own vintage, for Medicinal and Sacramental Purposes, are highly Recommended by those who have used them.

They are also Agents for the

KNIFFEN MOWER AND REAPER,

And Pitt. Nat. Plow Co's Plows.

Thanking the Public for their past patronage, we hope to merit a liberal share in the future.

All Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

You can rely on all goods being fresh, as all our old goods were sold at auction.

SPEYERER & SONS,
apr13;tc

FALL OPENING.

New Goods!

New Prices!

I Have Received A New Stock of

MILLINERY - GOODS;

Comprising an unusually Large and Select Assortment of

HATS,
FLOWERS,
VELVETS,
FEATHERS,
SATINS,
SILKS.
LACES,
FRAMES,

Plain & Fancy Ribbons, &c., &c.

In order to make this notice as attractive as possible, we shall exhibit a large number of Eastern trimmed

PATTERN HATS,

Together with many Desirable

NOVELTIES.

Hats and Bonnets Trimmed to Order.

Soliciting a call, I am,
Respectfully yours,
I. HANAUER.
Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa.   sp28;tf

BUYERS, LOOK HERE!

The undersigned, thankful for past favors would respectfully inform the public that he has one of the finest selections of

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Etc., Etc.,

on hand to be found in the county. His assortment of

School, Miscellaneous and Religious

BOOKS

is complete; while no pains are spared on his part to make his

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

equal to the best of City Establishments. He is the exclusive agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this county. Those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

He is the Agent for this county for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as he can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwater's School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.

Also on hand, Toys and Variety Goods, suitable for all seasons.

J. F. PRICE,
jan1, 1870:1y   Broadway, New Brighton.

Election Notice.

NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY,
NEW BRIGHTON, Dec. 7, 1870.

The stockholders of the National Bank of Beaver County are hereby notified that the annual meeting for the election of nine (9) Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking-House, in New Brighton, on the second Tuesday,—10th day—of January next (1871), between the hours of 12 o'clock and 2 o'clock of the said day.

By order of the Board.
dec7te   EDWARD HOOPS, Cash'r.

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and Agreements written and acknowledgements taken, &c. Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms. Also, agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester.
apr29'69

COAL FOR SALE.—The undersigned has constantly on hand a good article of Lump and Nut Coal, which he will sell at reasonable prices, either at the bank, or will deliver to purchasers.—The bank is located on McKinley's Run, a few rods from the Pitt. Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railroad, and but a short distance from Beaver station. I have also a good article of Fire Clay, which I will dispose of at reasonable rates.

Orders left at my residence in Bridgewater, or at K. Noel Camp's in Rochester, or at the bank, will receive prompt attention.   J. C. MOULTER.
apr20,1870—

Toledo Pump Co.'s

Patent Flexible Metal-Lined Pumps,

For Wells and Cisterns. For sale by
nov23;tf   S. J. CROSS & CO. Rochester.

New Advertisements.

8 O'CLOCK.

dec14;4t

THIS IS NO HUMBUG! By sending 35 CENTS with age height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.—Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 24, Fultonville, N. Y.   dec14;4w

LIVE AGENTS WANTED for WOMEN OF NEW YORK, *Or Social Life in the Great City.* Wonderful developments among the aristocracy. Married women exposed, &c. &c. Price $2.25. The best book to sell published. The best terms to Agents ever given. Address N. Y. Book Co. 145 Nassau St. New York.   dec14;4w

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD Containing Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," and "Lives of the Apostles, Evangelists and Martyrs;" Doddridge's "Evidences of Christianity;" "History of the Jews," by Josephus; "History of all Religious Denominations," with treatise and tables relating to events connected with Bible History, containing many fine engravings. The whole forming a complete Treasury of Christian Knowledge. W. FLINT, 26 South Seventh St. Phila.   dec14;4

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Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties enquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is send for Price List and a Club form will accompany it with full directions,—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to Club organizers. The

GREAT AMERICAN TEA

COMPANY, 31 & 33 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK. P. O. Box, 5643.   dec14;4w

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG, the handsomest and cheapest work extant. It has something in it of the best for every one—and must become universally popular. Excepting the Bible, this will be the book most loved and the most frequently referred to in the family. Every page has passed under the critical eye of the great poet— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Rare chance for best Agents. The only book of its kind ever sold by subscription. Send at once for circulars, &c., to
GEO. MACLEAN Publisher,
dec14;4w   719 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

I WAS CURED OF DEAFNESS AND CATARRH by a simple remedy and will send the recipe free. MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Jersey City, New Jersey.   dec7;4w

$60 A WEEK paid agents, male or female, in a new manufacturing business at home.—No capital required. Address *Novelty Co.*, Saco, Maine.   dec7;4w

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Business honorable. No competition, liberal pay given. S. W. KENNEDY, 8 S. 4th St., Phila. dec7;4w

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Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or samples sent (postage paid) for 50 cents that retail easily for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., New York.   dec7;4w

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Including Manhood, Womanhood and their mutual interrelations; Love, its laws, power, &c., by Prof. O. S. Fowler. Send for circulars and specimen pages. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.   dec7;4w

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Shows how to double the profits of the FARM, and how farmers and their sons can each make $100 PER MONTH, in Winter. 10,000 Copes will be mailed free to Farmers. Send name and address to ZIEGLER & McCURDY, Philadelphia, Pa.   dec7;4w

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FREE LOVE.

AND

ITS VOTARIES.

by Dr. JOHN B. ELLIS. Stupendous revelations and startling disclosures. The whole subject laid bare and its hideousness exposed to universal execration. *Written in the interests of Civilization, Christianity, and Public Morality.* Send for circulars and terms. U. S. Publishing Company, 411 Broome street, N. Y.   dec7;4w

Money Quickly Made

By active men and women getting subscriptions for the great religious and literary weekly "*The Christian Union*," edited by

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Having in its corps of Contributors the ablest talent of the land. A charming serial story by the world-famous authoress of 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,' just begun. Every subscriber for 1871 receives the paper *for eight weeks*, and the people's favorite, MARSHALL'S WASHINGTON, (alone worth $5) FREE. This *new* and unequalled combination is *taking like wild-fire.* All are doing well, many making from $10 to $30 a day. Now is the *harvest time*, act *wisely* and *quickly*. There is positively nothing that will *pay you so well.* Copy of the paper, chapter of story and rare terms FREE. Address—A. H. HUBBARD, 400 Chestnut St., Phila. [d7;4w

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By Col. Thos. W. Knox. A Comprehensive and Valuable exposition of the countries of Alaska, Siberia, China and Russia as they are to-day.—Matching our Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," in Style, etc. Send for circulars and see our extra terms. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.   dec7;4w

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PURE CHINESE TEA

A PURE CHINESE BLACK TEA, With Green Tea Flavor. Warranted to Suit all Tastes.

For Sale Everywhere.

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CARBOLIC TABLETS.

An unfailing remedy for all Bronchial Difficulties, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Diptheria, Dryness of the throat or Winde Pipe and all Catarrhal diseases.

The wonderful modern discovery of Carbolic Acid, is destined to become one of the greatest blessings to mankind in its application to diseases of the throat and its great curative qualities in all affections of the CHEST AND LUNGS.

Dr. Wells' Carbolic Tablets,

besides the great remedial agent *Carbolic Acid* contain other ingredients universally recommended, which chemically combine, producing a Tablet more highly medicinal and better adapted for diseases of the throat than any preparation ever before offered to the public.

CAUTION, BE SURE YOU GET WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS; DO NOT LET OTHER GOODS BE PALMED OFF ON YOU IN THEIR STEAD.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Wells' Carbolic Tablets

ARE A SURE CURE. TRY THEM.

SOLD BY DRUGGIST   [dec7;4w

MIDDLETON'S POCKET CORN-SHELLER.—One Agent wanted in every county in the United States to sell Middleton's Pocket Corn-Sheller, patented 1870. It shells all sizes of corn, and can be used by any one. Will last for years. Retail price 60 cents. Wholesale to Agents, 25 cents. Territory FREE. MIDDLETON & CO.—Harrisburg, Pa.   nov30tf

Two Houses and Lots

For Sale.

THE Undersigned offer two Houses and Lots in Beaver, for sale. They are located on Fourth Street, One being on the corner of Fourth and Branch Bank alley, and the other adjoining on the east. The corner Lot is 60 by 150 feet, and the house on it is a two story frame, 32 feet long by 16 feet wide, with kitchen attached. Also,

STABLE AND SHOP.

The other is a two-story frame, 36 feet long, 16 feet wide, hall through the centre, cellar underneath. Some few fruit trees on each lot. For further information enquire of

THOS. McCREERY & CO.
dec7;4w   Beaver, Pa.

GEO. BRAUN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

BROADWAY,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Having received a large and well selected stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,

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BEAVERS, CHINCHILLAS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, ENGLISH MELTONS, VESTINGS,

of the latest and most fashionable styles, which will be made to order on the

MOST REASONABLE TERMS

and on the shortest possible notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

P. S.—As I employ none but first class workmen and having considerable experience in cutting, I defy competition anywhere in the State, as to make and fit. I keep also on hand a full stock of ready made clothing of home manufacture.
oct19;tf.

Hardware, &c

FALLSTON

Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for Improvements on

COOKING - STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS.

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES:

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,

BEST BAKER,

MOST DURABLE

ALTOGETHER

THE BEST STOVE IN USE.

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the ARGUS, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.
JOHN THORNILEY.
apr20 tf.

HENRY LAPP,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FURNITUE.

LOOKING-GLASS & PICTURE FRAMES,

OF ALL SIZES FURNISHED TO ORDER.

Brighton St. above Plow Factory,

ROCHESTER, PENN'A.

The largest stock in Beaver county constantly on hand, and selling at the very lowest prices. Coffins and Hearse provided at the shortest notice. Having a large stock of all kinds of furniture on hand, and wishing to make room for fall and winter work, I have reduced my prices accordingly.
aug31;tf.

BEAVER

DRUG STORE,

HUGO ANDRIESSEN,

Druggist & Apothecary,

BEAVER, PENN.

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines,

AND ALL THE OFFICINAL

Pharmaceutical Preparations,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, &c.

At the Lowest Cash Prices.

Agents for Fahnestock, Haslett & Schwartz's

Strictly Pure White Lead

At Manufacturers' Prices.

Agents for the Chemical Paints, one hundred different shades, all ready for use.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and scientifically compounded at any time day or night.   [aug31;chd

LOOK HERE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very moderat rates.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest notice. Thankful to the public for past favors, I hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER, *PA.*
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER.
mar 24:tf

BAKERY

AND

CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned having bought out the Bakery and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that he will

Keep the best quality of Oysters

which he serves in every style; also will supply them by the can at reasonable prices. Those in in want of them should give him an early call.

His Confectionery department is well stocked; and parties, weddings, &c., will be supplied with everything needed on short notice and in the best of style.

Families furnished with fresh bread as often as desired.   GEORGE FREDERICK.
may11;1y

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale A Farm of one hundred and three acres, situated in Hanover township, Beaver county, one-quarter of a mile from the village of Hanover. Seventy-five acres cleared, balance well timbered; all under fence and in good state of cultivation; plenty of good springs, good fruit; convenient to church, schools and mills. Buildings are a frame house in good repair, frame barn, two frame sheep houses, spring house, and other out buildings. For further information address, or call on the premises.

JAMES SHILLITO.
Harshaville, Beaver Co. Sept 14, 1870.—3m*

AGENTS WANTED

For a New and Elegantly Illustrated Work.

'OUR SISTER REPUBLIC.'

BY COL. ALBERT S. EVANS. JUST PUBLISHED.

Sight-Seeing and Adventure

In the Land of the Aztecs; with Charming

PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES

of Mexican Life, Character and Scenery, and startling and romantic Historical Reminiscences of this Land of Romance, Wonder and Mystery.

"It is a bright and racy work, written in a brilliant and attractive style, without a dull page in it, and cannot fail to be popular with all classes"—*Boston Post.*

"Its pages sparkle with wit, and are instinct with ever varying pictures of Mexican Life in all its phases. The illustrations are excellent, and we shall be mistaken if it does not command a very extensive sale. Every family should put this book into the hands of their children."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Many stories of adventure are as lively as they are fresh. The amusing incidents of Travel in the interior and the life of the cities are delightfully piquant and entertaining. The book has a genuine and substantial value."—*Christian Union.*

No competition, and sells to all classes. Agents are meeting with remarkable success. For circulars and terms address the Publishers, COLUMBIA BOOK CO., Hartford, Conn.   dec7;4w

DR. KLINE, [illegible]
CANCERS
TUMORS
ULCERS
[illegible]
sep28;3m

Medicinal.

ADDRESS

TO THE

Nervous and Debilitated,

WHOSE SUFFERINGS HAVE BEEN

PROTRACTED FROM HIDDEN

CAUSES, AND WHOSE

CASES REQUIRE

PROMPT TREATMENT.

To Render Existence desirable.

If you are suffering, or have suffered from involuntary discharges, what effect is produced on your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky or flocky, or is it ropy on settling? Or does a thick scum rise to the top? Or is there a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspepsia? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, moping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the lustre of your eye as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver-complaint?

Now, reader, self-abuse, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that these bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; They don't become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your down cast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflated by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other form of disease—idiocy, lunacy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to—and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

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Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, softening and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving and eventually curing, the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and certain its effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians are daily prescribing it, and one and all say that it is the most healing and expectorating medicine ever known. One dose always affords relief, and in most cases one bottle effects a cure. Sold by druggists, in large bottles. Price One Dollar. It is your own fault if you still cough and suffer. The Balsam will cure.

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The Great Blood Purifier and Delicious [illegible]. Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant. It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public, far superior to brandy, whisky, wine, bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy, and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free flow of lively spirits, will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists, also at all respectable saloons. Price One Dollar, in quart bottles.

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